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GERMAN STUDENTS AND ANTI-SEMITISM

EVER since the Revolution, German student societies have been involved in internal controversies over broad political policies, and incidentally the Jew question. Altogether, six general congresses have been held, to say nothing of several dissenter meetings, at which student societies from all universities where the German language is used, whether in Austria or Germany, are entitled to representation.

When the members first assembled after the war, to take stock of student interests in the German-speaking countries, they were faced by alarming reports that Eastern Jews were likely to flood the institutions of higher education in Germany. In 1920, at the Göttingen Congress, the societies voted in favor of the so-called 'Aryan principle' for Austria and the 'citizen principle' for the German Republic. This compromise by no means settled the question, which led to an outright split in which liberal students broke off from the more conservative *Hochschulring*. However, an overwhelming majority joined this more conservative — and in many respects reactionary — association. How far it represents the sentiment of the average student is doubtful. According to a recent article in the *Kölnische Zeitung:* —

> A majority of our German students are not infected with exaggerated nationalism, as preached by the extreme wing of the Hochschulring. Most of our students are finding it most difficult to get an education during the present distressful times. They have no leisure to busy themselves with university politics. Their chief desire is to complete their courses as soon as possible, and to devote themselves thereafter in peace and tranquillity to such service to their country as they can render.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by the results of the recent Wurzburg Congress, held since the article quoted was written. At this meeting sixty of the seventy-two student organizations were represented, so it may fairly be assumed to speak for German students as a body. Its sessions resulted in a complete victory for the moderates over the reactionaries. The former advocate limiting university membership in the German Republic to students who are taking full courses, who are citizens of the country, and who are of German descent and speech. In the universities outside of the Republic, however, the student societies have already divided themselves into two groups, a 'German Aryan,' and a

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'National Liberal,' Union. These will be permitted to retain their autonomy and their peculiar constitution, and at the same time to send representatives to the general congress.

The Hochschulring is using in its campaign for membership a reprint of an article that appeared last spring in the *Deutsche Akademische Rundschau*. In this article the first object of the society is defined as *Volksbürgerliche Erziehung*. This apparently is understood to mean a revival and strengthening of German race-consciousness, somewhat parallel to the cultivation of class-consciousness advocated by the working people. In a paragraph upon the Jews, the author says: —

> This ideal discloses to us, as something justified by imperative social laws revealed in recent events, the exclusion from our social community of all alien elements, including the Jews, even though such a policy may seem to many unwise and inhumane. The efforts of the Hochschulring in this direction, however, are by no means expressed in a purely negative attitude toward the Jews. Our society has no sympathy with rowdy anti-Semitism, but it does seek to cultivate a positive racial consciousness, with the sentiment of duty toward one's own race that is associated with it.

Our readers will recall a reference to this organization in an article entitled 'The Young Men of Germany,' published in the *Living Age* of April 29. We should not forget, however, that there is also a Republican students' association, which recently held a congress at Jena. This association condemns the reactionary spirit prevailing in the universities, and demands that these institutions be 'animated with the new spirit and the new life of Republican Germany.' The presiding officer at Jena was a certain Freiherr von Brandenstein. In the old days a strict line was drawn between 'Incorporated' and 'Unincorporated' students, that is, students who were and who were not members of the various corps. This distinction was broader than that between 'Greeks' and 'Barbs' in American Universities. But it is now disappearing, and is being replaced by a more definitely political division.

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BRITISH POLITICAL WEATHER SIGNS

SHOULD a general election occur in Great Britain in the immediate future and the Labor Party come into power, a startling change of attitude on the part of the Government toward post-war problems is predicted. The Chairman of the Labor Party, F. W. Jowett, was most explicit upon this point in his address before the recent Edinburgh Congress of that organization. Speaking of the Treaty of Versailles, he said

> It is founded on a lie, — the most deadly destructive lie in the history of the world, — the lie that Germany alone was responsible for the war. The whole policy of punishment embodied and elaborated in the Versailles Treaty — a policy which has compelled millions of workers to toil like slaves for a beggar's supply of food and clothing and shelter, and reduced millions of others to unemployment and poverty — is the spawn of that lie. There is no excuse now for denying that falsehood.

He drew a scathing parallel between two statements by Lloyd George: the first issued in 1917, when he called upon Englishmen to abandon their homes and give their lives 'to defeat the most dangerous conspiracy ever plotted against the liberty of nations — carefully, skillfully, insidiously, clandestinely planned in every detail with ruthless, cynical determination,' and the second his speech on December 23, 1920, when he acknowledged that 'the more one reads of the memoirs and books written in the various countries of what happened before August 1

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1914, the more one realizes that no one at the head of affairs had quite meant war at that stage. It was something into which they glided, or rather staggered and stumbled, perhaps through folly; and a discussion, I have no doubt, would have averted it.'

Meanwhile Conservative England is crowing over a rather notable triumph in the way of raising campaign funds. As most of our readers know, the war chests of the party in power are usually replenished — munificently replenished — by happy recipients of titles. The Labor Party has had to depend upon funds raised through trade-unions and, as mentioned in a recent issue of the *Living Age*, the anti-Labor parties are trying to enact a new law to cut off these sinews of war by prohibiting the use of money subscribed by trade-unions for campaign purposes.

Not long ago the Tory *Morning Post*, a journal that does not enjoy exceptionally plutocratic connections, started to raise a fund for the ultra-Conservatives, or 'Die Hard' Party. This project was mildly ridiculed by most people. Pessimists predicted a total failure. Optimists fancied that five thousand pounds or thereabouts might result from these efforts. Quite unexpectedly contributions have poured in until at late reports they already amounted to well over twenty thousand pounds. This is not a large sum, compared with what we sometimes raise in this country, but is a rather imposing figure for Great Britain. The significance of the incident, however, is the apparent readiness of Conservative Englishmen to back up the Tory programme with their purses.

Among the domestic problems that are occupying the minds of legislators and party men, unemployment and emigration hold a prominent place. The unemployment dole has been sadly abused, if we are to believe an article in the *New Statesmen*. In a single Scotch parish — and that not a large one — sixty-three recipients of this bounty were illegally enrolled. In one extreme case a man actually petitioned his employer to dismiss him in order that he might qualify for a government allowance of a pound a week.

While unemployment benefits and public charity do their part to cut down production in Great Britain, the country is preparing to spend large sums to relieve itself of excess population. Under a bill which has just become a law, the Government proposes to spend a million and a half pounds sterling during the current year, and three million pounds annually for each of fourteen subsequent years, to pay half the cost of emigration of British subjects to the Dominions. This proposed migration is dubbed 'The Great Trek.' Australia has already arranged to coöperate in this movement, and negotiations with Canada and New Zealand are under way.

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RUSSIAN CONCESSIONS

A PRELIMINARY list of the concessions that Soviet Russia is prepared to grant foreign capitalists was submitted by Litvinoff, the Bolshevist delegate to the Hague Conference, on the seventh of July. The schedule, which is drafted in great detail, provides for fifteen definite petroleum-concessions in active fields, two in surveyed but not yet exploited fields, and ten in regions where there are petroleum prospects but where no systematic survey has been made. The mineral concessions include ten iron mines and iron works, eleven copper mines, three lead and zinc mines, extensive gold and platinum workings, and three coal areas covering approximately a thousand miles of partially developed territory.

The timber concessions include

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thirty-three tracts of forest, many of them of vast extent, in European Russia, five in Siberia, and one in the Caucasus. Four groups of paper and pulp mills are specified, together with their timber licenses. In addition, five undeveloped sites for paper and pulp manufacture are tendered. The sugar concessions include forty-four factories with an aggregate appraised valuation of over 24 million dollars and an output before the war of something like 300 thousand metric tons per year.

Four additional sugar centrals are also projected. A great number of miscellaneous enterprises are likewise tendered to foreigners with capital. These include cement works, fertilizer works, chemical works, lighting plants, and seven large hydroelectric projects. Last of all, several extensive agricultural grants are mentioned, but they are not described with the same detail as the mineral and manufacturing concessions.

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BUSINESS CONDITIONS IN GERMANY

PROFESSOR SAROLEA, head of the department of French language and literature in the University of Edinburgh, relates in the *Scotsman* his observations during his twentieth visit to Berlin. This occurred the present summer, and he seems to have interested himself particularly in the industrial ferment that everywhere thrust itself on his attention.

There is a French proverb telling us that when the building trade is prosperous everything is prosperous. *Quand le bâtiment va, tout va!* If that proverb be true, then Berlin is indeed prosperous. Everywhere huge buildings are being erected. Berlin resembles a city which is being rebuilt after an earthquake or a devastating war. But the comparison is misleading. For the reconstruction which is going on in Berlin is not such a reconstruction as is going on in the ravaged provinces of Northern France; it is the reconstruction attending a phenomenal expansion.

He contrasts Paris and Berlin, perhaps not without 'parti pris,' the former as a city of 'soul and personality,' the latter as 'a gigantic machine.' Like many other observers, he notices that every German is working at high pressure, and that production and exports are increasing. However, whatever profits are being made from this excessive activity are slipping out of the country.

We are witnessing in Germany, on a larger scale, a disconcerting paradox that may also be seen in other countries. We may observe the contrast between a people that is becoming rich and a Government that is becoming increasingly poor.

Naturally, as has been reiterated until it has become a commonplace, this activity is stimulated by the depression of the mark. What the effect is upon the common people is illustrated by a table of average wages and prices compiled by Dr. Kuczynsky, one of the leading statisticians of Germany. According to this table, the relative purchasing power of one hour's wages in that country in 1912 and 1922 is respectively as follows: —

1912 — average wages per hour 60 pfennige, which would buy 12 eggs, or ½ lb. of sausage, or ½ lb. of butter, or ¾ lb. of bacon, or one litre of milk, or 20 lbs. of potatoes, or 6 lbs. of bread.

1922 — average wages per hour 29 marks, which will purchase, at current prices, 3 eggs, or ⅕ lb. of sausage, or ⅕ lb. of butter, of ¼ lb. of bacon, or 1½ litres of milk, or 4 lbs. of potatoes, or 4½ lbs. of bread on a bread card, or 2½ lbs. of bread in the open market.

In other words, according to this computation, wages measured by purchasing power are now only one third or one fourth what they were ten years ago.

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SOUTH AFRICAN ITEMS

NEGOTIATIONS for the entrance of Southern Rhodesia into the South African Union have been practically concluded. The new district will be the fifth member of the Federation. English and Dutch will enjoy equal rights as official languages. The province will have the usual delegation in the Federal Parliament and will be governed by a local legislature similar to that of its neighbors. Provision is made for temporarily exempting its residents from the Union income-tax, and for a special Federal subsidy for development.

A financial controversy has arisen in the Union over the resumption of specie payments, which would normally occur June 30, 1923, under the act establishing the South African Reserve Bank now in operation. Already the embargo on the export of gold coin and bullion has been removed, and the delicate operation of transferring the existing note-issue to the Reserve Bank is proceeding smoothly. Gold producers want the gold standard restored as soon as possible throughout the world and gold used to the maximum extent in currency, reserves, and actual circulation.

South African mining interests — both owners and workers — are naturally interested in any measure that will bring the value of gold back to the old level. On the other hand, a group of South African bankers is decidedly opposed to the movement in this direction. They argue that it is not practicable to fix a definite time-limit for the resumption of specie payments, which were suspended two years ago when the outside drain upon South African gold reserves became insupportable. At last reports, the Currency Conference, appointed by the Government to consider the problem, has recommended suspending the inconvertibility — that is, the resumption of specie payments — until June 1925.

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IMPERIAL RACE EQUALITY

Young India, Mr. Gandhi's organ, reports that much dissatisfaction has been caused in his country by the speeches of a Mr. Sastri who has been presenting the case of India to Australian audiences. In these addresses this gentleman has admitted the correctness of Australia's policy of excluding future Indian immigration. In this connection the journal says: —

> When the time comes for India to choose, she will certainly choose to remain in the Empire. But three conditions are essential: full freedom of action in internal affairs, such as the White dominions enjoy; security against enforced participation in aggressive action against those foreign nations with whom important communities in India have deep and abiding sympathy and religious ties (for example, Turkey — Editor); equal rights and status, in substance as in form, with the other dominions of the Empire.

In settling the South African controversy just before the war, Mr. Gandhi accepted, as a settled policy, the Immigrants Regulation Act, which practically stopped further Indian immigration to the South African Union. However, such temporary concessions do not commit the leaders of the Indian race to permanent acquiescence in such a policy. The Gandhists seek a solution not in legislation but in a state of mind that acknowledges the brotherhood of all peoples of the Empire. 'Formulæ can be found to cover both equality and domination, but truth and not words are the bread of nations.' But native leaders of the conventional nationalist type, and coolies seeking better wages abroad, want more immediate results.

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A 'DEATH EXPOSITION'

ACCORDING to the *Nakanune*, an 'Exposition of the Russian Famine' recently took place on the Unter den Linden in Berlin. There was a black flag over the entrance, and the exposition itself consisted mainly of tables and diagrams, most of which unfortunately were in the Russian language, which prevented the German public from understanding their meaning. However, some of the exhibits spoke clearly to everyone: a stand with samples of the substitutes which were eagerly devoured by famished people — straw, clay, acorns, everything imaginable, but not a single grain of corn; a photograph of two children-cannibals, one of them insane, the other with a fine, intelligent face.

Other photographs bore equally harrowing explanatory inscriptions. These included pictures of groups of children, dozens of them, with swollen abdomens and crooked, twisted limbs; and dead children, tiny ones and older ones, lying unburied. There was a picture of the soil that caused the disaster — a soil that looks like barren rock, hot and dry. A folk poem, born of the great misery, reads: —

> Mother earth! Thou devourest
> Our own flesh and blood,
> And thou hast not pity enough
> To grant us a dry crust of bread. . . .

The only consoling feature of this exposition was the map of Russia showing the distributing agencies of the various relief organizations. The American Relief Administration leads them all in the number of distributing points, but the American ration is less than half the normal ration; and it becomes apparent from the diagrams that a perplexing alternative presents itself to those who are at the head of this work: whether to save as many as possible from death by starvation, or to feed a smaller number of people enough to preserve their working capacity and not their lives only?

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NEWLY DISCOVERED MIGRANTS OF THE SEAS

UNTIL a quarter of a century ago, the early life of European and American eels was a mystery. They appeared, fully matured if not fully grown, upon their respective coasts, coming from the unknown reaches of the sea. For twenty years or more, however, it has been known that eels pass the earlier stages of life in the depths of tropical waters, in the form of minute larvæ shaped like a willow leaf and transparent as glass. Recently the long and patient investigations of a Danish scientist, Dr. Joseph Schmidt, have disclosed their breeding-place in the neighborhood of Bermuda and the West Indian Islands. The breeding-grounds of the American and the European eels, which are two distinct species, are contiguous, and indeed overlap, though the American eel ranges somewhat farther north in its deep-sea home than its European cousin.

The American eel completes the larval stage in about one year, when it must migrate to fresh water. The European eel requires three full years to finish its larval development, and during this period makes its way slowly across the whole breadth of the Atlantic to the coastal waters of the farther continent. No other fish or animal in the larval stage makes such an enormous journey. Like the salmon, the eel passes successive stages of its life in salt and fresh water, spending its maturity in lakes and rivers accessible from the sea or in brackish water along the shore. This sojourn ranges from five to twenty years, after which the eel returns to the deep-sea regions of its birth to produce its young.

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VISCOUNT NORTHCLIFFE

BY E. T. RAYMOND

From the *Outlook*, *August 5*
(London Conservative Literary Weekly)

The death of Lord Northcliffe naturally invites that quiet appraisement of his career which was wanting while his amazing energy continued to direct the great machine which owed its being to his genius.

Curiously enough, the first result of thinking in the past tense of this most remarkable man is that he abruptly shoots up whole cubits in stature. That is, of course, no uncommon effect of the passage from making to being history. Probably few of us who grew up under Queen Victoria thought of her as more than the great and good Queen of the Little Arthur convention. We saw her in the flat — and, to tell the truth, it was very flat. It is only after Mr. Lytton Strachey has shown both queen and woman in their three dimensions that we realize that, despite her middle-class foibles, she was a very remarkable and a wholly regal figure.

It is the same with Lord Northcliffe. Some time will still have to pass before people shake off an overpowering impression of those little oddities and inconsistencies by which he was known to those who knew nothing else about him. Such oddities are seldom seriously indicative of character, and insistence on them and them alone produces sheer illusion — which accounts for the fact that, while every paper reeks with gossip about public characters, and twenty volumes of tittle-tattle appear annually, the average view of a particular statesman is either utterly vague or nearly all wrong. Lord Northcliffe's papers have made their full contribution to such confusion, but Lord Northcliffe himself was in no small degree a victim of newspaper Boswellism. There has been so much talk about his temporary fancies and enthusiasms that people have begun to forget the very great permanent mark he has left on the history of his time. So much attention has been paid to his little ways, that the public realizes, with something of a shock, that it had almost overlooked the fact that he was, after all, a very big man.

Journalistically, of course, he was much more than big. He can only be called great and very great. One need not be a mere success-worshiper to say that. Personally I am not greatly concerned whether Lord Northcliffe was the richest newspaper proprietor on earth, or the largest, or the most successful, or the most advanced technically. It is enough that he made much more money than he knew what to do with, and that he owned or controlled many more papers than he could possibly attend to all the time.

It is enough that in not much more than a quarter of a century he built up out of nothing but his own brains a gigantic organization which stretches to every corner of the globe; which is served by all kinds of men, from the daintiest of mincing 'society editors' in London to the roughest working-hand in Canada; which provides reading-matter for every class from the mill girl to the millionaire connoisseur, and for every age from the baby to the old-age pensioner; and which draws tribute in-

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differently from the nearest slum and the farthest colony. It is enough that this marvelous growth is all of it in every sense real and honest — that the Northcliffe Press is a much more solid security than consols, and that the great machine has been designed and wrought with such perfection that, while the withdrawal of the chief engineer must be felt, there seems no reason why it should not function a century hence.

The man who could point to so vast a material success could only be, in some sense or another, a great creative genius — for journalism is much more than a matter of astute buying and selling, and journalistic success has only a very superficial affinity to the easy triumphs of exaggerated barter; it is, base or worthy, a work of the human spirit. In the mere matter, therefore, of bricks and mortar, circulations and advertising values, preference shares, ordinary stock, and the rest of it, it must be allowed that Lord Northcliffe built up a huge monument to himself. But whether in such respects he overtops Hearst or some other American colossus I know not and care not.

This, after all, was not the most interesting side of the Harmsworth epic; and I am sure it was not the side in which he was himself most interested. Most of what has been written about him lays undue stress on the newspaper proprietor, and slurs over the much more important subject of the journalist. I have read countless articles treating Lord Northcliffe as a sort of human machine, 'generating efficiency kilowatts at top speed.' Most of the writers of this class have been naïvely eulogistic; they seem to have convinced themselves that 'dynamic energy,' 'genius for organization,' 'immense driving power,' and so forth are the most admirable of all human characteristics, and all that mattered in Lord Northcliffe. But they have always overlooked the fact that even energy can have only one origin, and that the soul of Lord Northcliffe is, therefore, quite as important as his methods.

More intelligent critics, because they happened to dislike Lord Northcliffe, and found the *Daily Mail* a bore, fell into much the same error. Lord Northcliffe never appealed to men of ideals without definition and of religion without belief. They observed with dismay that he knew little about Wordsworth, and cared little about Tolstoi, and was more interested in an airplane or motor car than in an idea which could never be more than an idea. Therefore it was assumed that Lord Northcliffe had no imponderables of his own, no principle, code of honor, standard of conduct — only a greed of power and pelf and an ambition to 'beat the band.' In other words, as Mr. A. G. Gardiner once wrote, he 'regarded himself simply as the purveyor of a popular article.'

This view seems to me merely incredible. Even a great sausage or chocolate factory is not reared without some sort of intellect not purely vulpine, and in Lord Northcliffe's-case-the-theory was quite simply ludicrous. No doubt there was a time when, like most people, he chiefly thought of making a good living. But that time quickly passed, and of all the very rich men of his time there was probably none who so little regarded money for its own sake. Of social ambitions he was singularly devoid. His personal habits were of the simplest. Capricious as he sometimes was to his staff, he was generally much more concerned to win affection than fear, and though he loved deference and appreciation, he disliked intensely a mean subserviency. He was never felt in his offices as the great lord and millionaire, but only as 'the Chief.'

His commercial integrity amounted almost to prudishness. No man more

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reveled in a trick which was merely clever. No man detested more a trick which was merely dishonest. He abhorred any kind of misrepresentation on the business side of his papers. I may mention another sign of the great man: his entire absence of jealousy with regard to his own staff. Indeed, he sometimes came near absurdity in the munificence of his private treatment, and the extravagance of his public eulogy, of men after all not very exceptional.

These are not the characteristics of the small man grown accidentally great or of the mere cynical journalistic cheapjack. Indeed, Lord Northcliffe was much further removed from either than many people with far more pretension to 'ideals.' Viewed professionally, he was a considerable poet using newspapers as his medium. It is true that on the whole he had rather a quantitative than a qualitative test of successful achievement, and in satisfying the taste of the million he has never quite won the appreciation of the ten thousand. But we have only to turn from his idea of a great popular newspaper to that illustrated by his many copyists, to appreciate the difference between the poet and the prosaist as journalist. This man or that may quarrel with his conception. But, granting the conception, there can be nothing but admiration for its artistic embodiment.

Lord Northcliffe has been described, wittily, and not altogether unjustly, as industrializing intellect and 'erecting a factory in Bohemia.' But the mere fact that everything he controlled, however intermittently or indirectly, bears the stamp of his own character gives sufficient hint of the vividness of that personality.

The three great instincts which determined Lord Northcliffe's journalistic course — they were probably too vague to be called ideas — were, I think, a profound distrust for officials, a great respect for the common man, and an enthusiasm for the British Empire.

The first was a constant from his very beginnings. It was a case of incompatibles. Lord Northcliffe was a highly sentimental man — as sentimental as Dickens. But, like Dickens, he had a most hard, practical side, and never permitted himself to be dreamy in the wrong place. The politician and the official, on the other hand, seemed to him to be appallingly prosaic in mind and wildly impractical in affairs. He suspected them as being all flint as to the heart and all wood as to the head; and on the whole conceived that his main duty was to kick them, as Dickens also did on every possible occasion. Perhaps a little human jealousy was added — the jealousy which every recorder of history must have sometimes of its makers. But Lord Northcliffe quite honestly nourished a sturdy contempt for the make-believes of politics; and though he was occasionally moved to a fit of hero-worship, nearly all his heroes ultimately shared the fate of those Chinese gods which are whipped when they fail to satisfy the worshiper.

His respect for the people, a feeling totally unconnected with illusion as to their limitations, was also very Dickensian, and remarkably in contrast with the contempt which mingles with the pity of most modern philosophers. It explains, I believe, many of those enthusiasms — 'sweet peas' and the like — that have sometimes caused the cynic to scoff. Lord Northcliffe did not consider it undignified to make suburban clerks interested in growing sweet peas. He did not consider it undignified to make working girls interested in making 'jumpers,' or children interested in cutting out silly little pictures.

It was not, I believe, merely the feeling that these people's pennies were as

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good as others'; there was kindliness as well as calculation. He was, in short, a very real democrat in the sense that he did genuinely feel that humanity was the chief fact about man. His view of humanity was in one sense as wide as the prayer book's; and if he aimed at making articulate the man-in-the-street, it was because he not only felt no scorn for the average of the race, but had some fancy that it was more to be trusted than the exceptional and cultured people.

Further, he was, according to his lights, a hundred per cent British patriot. The big drum might sometimes be banged too lustily, sometimes a little wildly, but the note was never essentially wrong; many more refined instruments have played a less wholesome tune. From the first he stood for the great, simple things which are so often ignored by the superior mind; and the *Daily Mail* was never so frivolous that it did not recognize that Great Britain was an island and the man-in-the-street not only an item in a crowd but the citizen of a great commonwealth. In the Great War he might often be wrong in detail, but never in his broad outlook; and history, I think, will do more justice than contemporary opinion to many of his activities.

Finally, journalists can never forget that, while the mere use-and-wont-men may cherish many a grudge against him, he was the chief influence in raising journalism from a poorly paid, a not too honest, and a not too dignified calling to the level of a profession which offers some great prizes, and is, in all but its meanest aspects, worthy of the attention of men of character and intellect.

LUDENDORFF SELF-PORTRAYED

BY GENERAL VON KUHL

[*We referred in a short editorial note, in the* Living Age *of April 8, to Professor Delbrück's recent book criticizing Ludendorff as a strategist and a statesman. The following defense of Ludendorff appears in the journal of which Professor Delbrück was formerly editor. General von Kuhl is author of a book entitled* French and English Criticism of the World War.]

From the *Preussische Jahrbücher, July*
(Prussian Conservative Historical and Political Monthly)

Under the title, *Ludendorff Self-portrayed*, Professor Delbrück recently published a work containing a violent personal attack upon that general. Our late enemies have noted this with satisfaction, and it has caused great jubilation in the Radical press at home. People are saying that Ludendorff 'is done for,' that he is 'a demolished idol.' Naturally there have been previous replies to this attack. . . . My purpose is to answer, more fully than has hitherto been attempted, the criticism of Ludendorff as a strategist.

Professor Delbrück entitles his attack 'a self-portrait,' because he draws his material almost entirely from Ludendorff's own writings and reports.

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But we can judge the commander, who took such an eminent part in the World War, by his acts far better than by his words. Delbrück recognizes this, and gives us a critical examination of the arguments for and against Ludendorff's strategy. He asks if Ludendorff is really the great commander he is reputed to be both in Germany and abroad, and answers that Ludendorff does not merit his reputation. His military thinking lacked clarity. His mind was not big enough to grasp the vast strategic combinations and conceptions that a world war on the immense scale of the late conflict demanded. We can detect in his plans no definite line of action; objectives and the means for reaching them do not correspond; his intellect and his temperament are not in harmony. Ludendorff, according to Professor Delbrück, is a man in whom a powerful will is combined with only average intelligence and even less education.

A man who passes such a crushing judgment upon a commander should have the professional training to form an authoritative opinion and should submit definite proofs for his assertions. I do not insist that only a military officer is competent to judge a military problem. I recognize the scientific value of Professor Delbrück's work in the history of the art of war. However, years of the most painstaking theoretical study of military history will not qualify a man to understand the actual practice of war; to appreciate the tremendous difficulties which a commander encounters; to realize the frictions and obstacles that meet him at every step, and the imponderable psychological factors that surround his labors and influence his decisions. My own military experience has taught me to be slow in passing judgment, and to withhold my opinion until I know all of the circumstances, considerations, and influences that combine to shape the decisions of a commander.

According to Professor Delbrück, Ludendorff's unhappy influence began to be felt during the very first stages of the German deployment in 1914. Erzberger relates, in his *Experiences during the World War*, that General von Moltke did not approve our general plan. He is said to have dwelt at length on this, during a conversation in January 1915, in which he stated that from the outset he thought it a blunder to hurl our main strength against France. The initial attack should have been on the Eastern Front, in order to wreck the Russian steam-roller; and operations in the West should have been confined to holding the enemy back on our frontiers. Professor Delbrück considers this plan — which, it is well known, was that of the elder Moltke — the proper one to have adopted. General Schlieffen changed this plan after the Russian army was badly weakened by the Manchurian war, and therefore would probably refuse a decisive battle.

But in 1914 conditions again had changed. The Russian military machine had been rebuilt with astonishing success. Germany's best move, then, would have been to strike the advancing Russians and inflict upon them a crushing defeat. After that, German efforts might have been concentrated against the French, who could hardly have pierced the Metz-Strassburg line, unless they were ready to incur the odium of violating Belgium's neutrality by marching through her territories. Here Delbrück asks why Moltke did not carry out this plan. The Kaiser certainly did not oppose it; consequently, the opposition must have been in the Operations Section of the Staff, whose Chief up to 1913 was General Ludendorff.

This version of the situation is, in the main, inaccurate and inadequate. Gen-

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eral Schlieffen was not induced by the Manchurian war to change our mobilization scheme. In truth, he decided, soon after his appointment as Chief of the General Staff, that we ought to attack the French first, because they were the stronger and more dangerous enemy. His successor, General von Moltke, held the same opinion right up to the World War.

An attack upon the Russians would have required a very powerful army. Although the military convention between France and Russia required the Russians to advance immediately, we had reason to believe that they might avoid a decisive battle if faced by the united armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary. During the delay we should have to defend our western frontier with comparatively weak forces against a sudden and powerful French attack. The so-called Metz-Strassburg line was not a physical actuality. The danger that we might be outflanked through Belgium was very great. Our coal mines in the Saar, our iron mines in Lorraine, and our great industrial centre in Rhenish Westphalia would have been imperiled.

These were the considerations that determined General von Moltke to concentrate our main strength against the West. They are clearly stated in that general's official reports of November 1911, December 1912, and the spring of 1914. In the 1912 memorandum he says we must direct our main offensive against France, because 'we have a prospect of securing a quick decision there, while an offensive campaign against Russia might drag out for an indefinite period.'

We have evidence that Moltke remained of this opinion during the decisive days in early August, 1914. He says in his memoirs that, in the War Council held at the Royal Palace on August 1, the Kaiser urged, on the strength of a dispatch from Lichnovsky stating that France might refuse to fight, that the German army be mobilized against the Eastern Front. Moltke then goes on to say: —

> Nobody seemed to realize that it would mean a catastrophe for us, if we concentrated all our forces against Russia, leaving a mobile French army in our rear. How could England, even with the best will in the world, prevent France from seizing such an opportunity to strike us in the back? . . . The irrational character of this whole English proposal was obvious to me at first glance. The Foreign Office had already discussed, in previous years, the possibility that France might remain neutral in a war between Germany and Russia. I had so little faith in such a possibility that I stated at the time, that if Russia declared war against us we should be compelled to declare war immediately against France, in case her attitude was in the least doubtful.

I can confirm positively, from my personal knowledge, that no opposition to our mobilization plans existed. Ludendorff had not been connected with the General Staff since 1913. What Moltke is reported to have said to Erzberger, in 1915, either was misunderstood by the latter, or sprang from a state of mind that caused the General — who was a physical and mental wreck after the Marne campaign — to imagine things that were not so.

It is well known that our mobilization against France in 1914 did not conform exactly to Schlieffen's plan. Professor Delbrück holds Ludendorff responsible for this 'dilution' of our original programme.

First, let me observe that the Chief of the General Staff was the only person responsible for our mobilization. That was his peculiar and supreme task. His chief adviser was the Quartermaster-General then in office. Professor Delbrück represents the 'dilution' to have consisted in deploying our forces so

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that our left wing reached the Swiss border, instead of extending our right wing to the sea.

I confess that I cannot understand this criticism. How could we have extended our advancing lines to the sea? In August 1914, we did advance our right wing far to the north at Crefeld, in order to utilize our railways to the best advantage. But we encountered great difficulties in advancing from this deployment line, because we were forced to circle around the Dutch province of Limburg, and this congested the routes along which our right wing was pushing forward. I can only assume that Professor Delbrück does not know precisely what deployment (*Aufmarsch*) means, and confuses it with advance (*Vormarsch*). So relentless a critic should not be guilty of such a blunder. But, quite apart from this, the divergence of our deployment of 1914 from the Schlieffen plan is not accurately described. The difference did not consist in the extension of our wings but in their relative strength.

Schlieffen allotted only four and a half army corps to the defense of our left flank in Lorraine, plus the ordinary garrisons, a reserve division, and a number of Landwehr brigades in Alsace and along the Upper Rhine. The remainder of our forces were to rest their left wing on Metz and participate in the great envelopment movement through Belgium. The right wing was to be made as strong as possible. General von Moltke, however, increased the strength of the left wing in Lorraine and Alsace to eight army corps, so that the relative strength of the right and the left wings was radically modified.

Although Moltke originally made this decision because he thought Alsace was inadequately protected from a French invasion, a second consideration eventually became his principal reason for thus strengthening the left wing. Moltke anticipated a powerful French attack in Lorraine, and hoped to win a brilliant victory there. When that was accomplished, he would still have time to shift large bodies of troops from the left wing to the right. Schlieffen had proposed to fall back before a vigorous French offensive in Lorraine, and to drive ahead through Belgium regardless of everything. He assumed that this would soon bring the French Lorraine offensive to a halt.

It is true that Ludendorff approved this change and later defended it. His arguments are worthy of the utmost consideration, although I personally hold a different view. In my opinion the Schlieffen plan was simpler, and its main object was more clearly conceived. Compared with it, the Moltke plan was complicated and difficult. It was by no means easy to decide precisely the right moment to shift troops from the left wing to the right wing, and to carry out such a manœuvre according to programme.

But Professor Delbrück's assertion — that such a manœuvre was technically impossible — is contrary to the facts. Railway arrangements had been carefully made beforehand. The mere question of transportation could have been easily handled, as every expert knows. We had four main lines, each with forty troop trains, to convey four army corps. Those trains were kept constantly ready for that service. Within three days the four army corps of combatant troops could have been detrained at Aix. Such a transfer would have been possible immediately after the battle of Saarburg, and by the end of August we had additional routes through Luxemburg. The only point was to issue the order at the right moment. Our Higher Command blundered there, as they did repeatedly during the fighting of August 1914. Ludendorff had nothing to do with that.

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Defenders of Moltke's deployment plan argue that it enabled us to win a brilliant victory in Lorraine, and started off the war for us with that additional prestige. Every old soldier knows the importance of such an initial success. But it would have been better, in my opinion, if our desire for a brilliant victory had not induced us to change the Schlieffen plan. In August 1914, the French were just as eager as we were for a successful battle. But French military critics unanimously condemn the premature offensive their troops made in upper Alsace. It brought them some brief success at Mulhouse, but robbed their left wing of troops more urgently needed elsewhere.

I may mention still another error committed by Professor Delbrück in discussing our deployment. He thinks that, so long as we were determined to pass through Belgium, it would have been better to push our right wing forward until it rested on the sea, instead of advancing through Mézières or Maubeuge. Again I must call attention to the fact that he really means our advance and not our deployment. Count Schlieffen laid his plans more than twenty years ago, and originally designed to combine the enveloping movement through Belgium with a frontal attack. Within a year, however, the idea of a frontal attack was given up. This permitted us to swing our right wing much farther north, if necessary to Abbeville, so as to envelop every position held by the French, no matter where it was. Schlieffen had remained faithful to this plan up to New Year's, 1906, when he retired.

Let us turn now to the actual field operations, for whose direction Professor Delbrück holds Ludendorff responsible. First he says that the battle of Tannenberg, though gloriously fought, merely carried out a plan elaborated in detail by the General Staff before the war, and that the only brilliant stroke associated with it, bringing up Mackenzen's whole corps to Bossau, was due to General Bülow, against the instructions of the Higher Command.

Definite exception must be taken to this assertion, which is designed to diminish Ludendorff's credit for the most brilliant battle of the war. Only a layman would ever imagine that detailed plans of a battle like that at Tannenberg could be drafted by a General Staff in times of peace. The whole environment of the battle was due to a momentary and fortuitous situation. While our twentieth army corps was holding the Russian Narew army at Gilgenburg, the divisions of the eighth army were withdrawn from Gumbinnen, and manœuvred so as to attack the Russians simultaneously on both flanks. The first army corps, which was traveling by rail, was detrained and hurled against the Russian left flank, while the seventeenth corps and the first reserve corps, which were marching on foot, faced about and attacked their right flank.

It was a venturesome decision to leave only a weak cavalry veil opposed to Rennenkampf's Niemen army. Any General Staff council would have rejected it as too dangerous. No General Staff would have seriously considered such a conjuncture, and such a conjuncture would never normally occur. But quite apart from this, such assertions do not detract in the slightest from the merits of the men who actually fought the battle. For on the battle field firmness and decision are the essential things.

There were many trying moments during the combat. News came that the first army corps had been beaten. The fighting dragged out longer than was contemplated. Any moment Ren-

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nenkampf might appear. Last of all, aviators reported a new enemy army corps advancing from the south to attack Neidenburg and the rear of the first army corps. It took strong nerves to stand fast at such moments. During the Marne fighting, in September 1914, we did not have those nerves, and so we lost the battle and perhaps the war. General Staffs cannot provide for these emergencies. They bring out the true qualities of field commanders — of the 'anointed of Samuel,' as Schlieffen used to say. At Tannenberg our officers stood the test; on the Marne they failed. All credit to Field Marshal Hindenburg and General Ludendorff.

The only point in the Delbrück version that is true is that, in our war games and General Staff manœuvres, we often discussed the possibility of seizing the moment when the advancing Russian Narew and Niemen armies were separated by the Mazurian Lakes to defeat them individually. But that was only a general idea. And this situation did not, in fact, exist just before the battle of Tannenberg. We cannot describe the position of the Russian armies at that time as one of operative separation. Neither is it true that General Otto von Bülow is to be credited with advancing General Mackenzen's army corps to Bossau. That order had already been issued by the Higher Command when General von Bülow, without knowledge of the fact, requested that the entire corps be brought to his assistance.

However, Professor Delbrück directs his heaviest criticism against Ludendorff's strategy in 1918, claiming that the great offensive of that year was hopeless from the outset and predestined to failure. I by no means agree with this opinion. It would have been hopeless to fight a purely defensive campaign that summer. The longer a decisive battle was postponed, the worse our situation became; for with every day that passed the American army in France grew stronger and the blockade sapped our strength. Our war materials were fast dwindling. In fact, every consideration dictated that we seize the chance given us by Russia's withdrawal from the war to push the fighting to a finish.

In the west the relative strength of the two armies was in our favor. Our enemies were certain that we would attack, and their military experts believed and still believe that this was the right thing for us to do. Ludendorff understood our difficulties. No attempt to break through the western lines had ever succeeded. But the splendid tactical training of our troops, for which Ludendorff peculiarly deserves the credit, and our new method of attack, might give us victory. We know to-day how close we came to that.

Professor Delbrück claims that, though Ludendorff sought a decisive victory, he proved irresolute at the last moment and did not concentrate all his forces at the critical point. But he gives no definite evidence to support this assertion. I have studied all the documents available and I have come to the opposite conclusion. Our peace with Soviet Russia was in reality only an armistice. We still had to maintain defensive corps on that front. The officials responsible for our food supplies urgently insisted that we occupy the Ukraine. Professor Delbrück argues that we could have got horses and grain from that region by purchase cheaper than by an occupation. But we have documentary evidence that the Government of that region, even with the best will in the world, could have supplied us little or nothing without military aid.

According to Ludendorff's own testimony, we are told, our March offensive

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failed, not on account of the enemy's unexpected strength, but because our own forces were insufficient. That, in Professor Delbrück's opinion, was a fatal error in Ludendorff's strategy. He also believes that, after the failure of our first offensive in March, further offensive operations were sure to prove fruitless. Therefore Ludendorff should have asked for peace at that time. He quotes a letter which the Crown Prince of Bavaria wrote to the Imperial Chancellor on June 1, 1918, stating that Ludendorff believed that a decisive victory was then impossible, and that he rested his only hope upon some such collapse of our enemies as happened in the case of Russia.

During the spring of 1918 I was in constant personal touch with Ludendorff and knew his opinions. At that time he never counted upon such an event as is here described. He had a perfectly clear idea as to what the offensives of May and July were to attain. After attacking at Aix and in Champagne, in order to draw the enemy's reserves to those points, Ludendorff planned a decisive offensive in Flanders. At that time I was Chief of General Staff for the Army Group of Crown Prince Ruprecht. I have no knowledge of the letter which Professor Delbrück quotes; but I can say that it did not reflect General Staff opinion, and that no officer in a responsible position ever heard that Ludendorff held such views.

I by no means argue that our operations in 1918 were free from fault. What commander in the history of warfare has not committed blunders? Viewing the matter from the vantage point of to-day, we recognize many ways in which we might have done better. But criticism should be tempered by an understanding of the difficulties that confronted the German Supreme Command, and it should be based in every instance upon a professional knowledge of the facts. Professor Delbrück's criticism does not have these qualities.

It is most unfortunate, moreover, that Professor Delbrück feels he is called upon to depreciate Ludendorff in comparison with Foch. He regards the latter general as 'a better strategist than Ludendorff' and alleges that 'Ludendorff was not a match for him.' Foch is charged in France with being the commander whose imprudence lost the battle of Saarburg in 1914. He was badly defeated at Fère Champenoise during the first fighting on the Marne. As Supreme Commander of the Allies, in May 1918, he stationed his reserves in the wrong place, and was completely surprised and beaten on the Aisne. During his great offensive the following summer, he did not conceive a manœuvre more brilliant than an ordinary frontal attack, in spite of his overwhelming superiority of forces. He owes his reputation entirely to the success of his counteroffensive, in July 1918, and to the fact that the war was won under his command. I would merely quote in closing a passage from Professor Delbrück's own works: 'The task of the critical historian is to suppress every sentiment of love and hatred, and to describe events precisely as they occurred.'

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INTERALLIED DEBTS AND FRENCH FINANCE

BY ROBERT EDWARD DELL

[*The following article is by the veteran Paris correspondent of the* Manchester Guardian — *an Englishman and an Oxford graduate, but long domiciled in France, where he has been an officer of the Educational Department.*]

From the *New Statesman, July* 29
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

THE demand of the *Temps*, that the British Government should cancel the debt owed to it by the French, raises certain important questions. In normal conditions the methods of French national finance might not be our business, but they become our business when we are asked to make a present of £572,000,000 to France. Before acceding to such a request, we have a right to ask whether it is really true that the present chaotic state of the French national finances is due wholly, or even mainly, to the inability of Germany to pay reparations. We have also the right to ascertain whether France is, after all, any worse off than England, and in particular whether the French taxpayer bears anything like so heavy a burden as the British. In dealing with these questions, I shall rely principally on the statistics supplied in the valuable *Memorandum on Public Finance*, 1921, issued by the Secretariat of the League of Nations.

The fact that French national finance was not in a satisfactory state before the war is shown by the high pre-war national debt of France, which in 1913 was frs.846.90 (£33 17*s.* 6*d.*) per head of the population. This was 117 per cent more than the British debt per head of the population — £15 12*s.* in 1913. The respective proportions of the debt to the national wealth per head of the population were 11.1 per cent in France, and 4.8 per cent in the United Kingdom. I take the estimates of pre-war national wealth given by Sir J. C. Stamp in *National Wealth and Income of the Chief Powers* (*Journal of the Royal Statistical Society*, July 1919), and accepted by the International Financial Conference at Brussels.

The excessively high figure of the French debt was due on the one hand to extravagant expenditure and on the other to an unsound system of taxation, which did not tap the principal sources of revenue and which put the greater part of the burden on the backs of those least able to bear it. The result of the system was inadequate revenue, which caused constant deficits and thus piled up the national debt. That system still continues with little modification and is one of the primary causes of the present critical condition of French national finance.

Although the war cost the United Kingdom three or four times as much as it cost France, the former succeeded in paying 35 per cent of the war expenditure out of taxes, whereas France paid only 15 per cent of her war expenditure out of taxes and borrowed all the rest. The reason of the difference was that the English imposed heavy taxation on themselves during the war and the French did not. Nevertheless, in consequence of the war, the British national debt in 1921 was 979.8 per

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cent more than in 1913 and the French 819 per cent more. The former had risen to £161 4*s*. per head of the population and the latter to frs.7863.10. These figures, however, are in paper pounds and francs.

The best method of comparison is that adopted in the *Memorandum on Public Finance*, 1921 — the 'correction' of the 1921 figures by the average wholesale-price index numbers of the year. This gives us the equivalent purchasing power of the figures in pre-war currency — their 'real' value. The 'corrected' debt per head of the population in 1921 was £89 2*s*. in the United Kingdom and frs.2277.80 (£91 2*s*.) in France, so that the 'corrected' British debt was 471 per cent higher than the pre-war debt and the French 169 per cent higher.

Thus, notwithstanding the far heavier taxation in the United Kingdom during the preceding seven years, our burden of national debt in 1921 was almost as heavy as the French. Moreover, the French debt included the sums owed to the British and American Governments. If France is not called upon to repay those sums, the French national debt per head of the population will be reduced by about 2000 (paper) francs — or about 580 francs in 'corrected' value on the 1921 basis. According to a recent French estimate, the French national wealth per head of the population in 1921 was 20,403 (paper) francs, the 'corrected' value of which sum — 5914 francs — is 21.9 per cent less than the pre-war wealth. On this estimate, which I believe to be below the mark, if the debts to Great Britain and America are cancelled, the French national debt per head of the population in 1921 will be 28.7 per cent of the national wealth.

On the hypothesis that the 'corrected' value of the British national wealth per head of the population in 1921 was the same as the pre-war wealth, — a pure assumption made solely for the sake of some comparison, — the British national debt per head of the population in 1921 was 28 per cent of the national wealth which, on this hypothesis, was £575 11*s*. per head of the population. So our increased burden on account of the war would, even on this hypothesis, be heavier than the French, since the proportion of the French pre-war debt to the national wealth, per head of the population, was 131 per cent higher than that of the British. Of course, if the 'corrected' value of the British post-war national wealth has decreased, the difference to our disadvantage will be even greater.

In one respect, however, our situation is much better than that of France. The proportion of funded debt to the whole British debt in 1921 was 77 per cent, whereas the proportion in France was only 45 per cent. This again is a consequence of the unsoundness of French financial methods. Even so poor a country as Italy has succeeded in funding 59 per cent of its total debt — including loans from foreign Governments. Further, the French national debt is increasing at the rate of at least 30,000 million francs a year, whereas the British debt diminished 3.21 per cent between March 31, 1920, and March 31, 1921. Every French Budget shows an enormous deficit because the revenue from taxation is inadequate in France, for the reasons already given.

French taxation is not merely inadequate. It is not properly collected — at least the direct taxes are not. At the end of 1920 only 66 per cent of the whole direct taxation had been collected and the arrears for the year amounted to 2670 million francs. At the end of 1921 only 41 per cent of the income tax had been collected and the arrears of income tax for the year amounted to 1642 million francs in the

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pre-war territory alone (without Alsace-Lorraine). Since the income tax was first levied in 1916, not half of it has ever been collected and the accumulated arrears must now be enormous. Moreover, its yield is reduced by the exemption of about two fifths of the active population — the farmers.

Since farmers themselves produce most of what they consume, they contribute much less to indirect taxation than the rest of the population, so they, more than any other class, should pay direct taxes. Until 1920 they were entirely exempted from income tax. Since then they have nominally had to pay it, but their assessments are ridiculous. In 1920 the whole amount of the income tax assessments on agricultural profits was 8,361,000 francs, whereas the assessments on industrial and commercial profits amounted to 331,632,500 francs, those on salaries and wages to 67,667,500 francs, and those on professional earnings to 12,069,500 francs.

Yet the French farmers, who were entirely exempted from the Excess Profits Duty, have made fortunes during and since the war. Small as their holdings are, the number of them that can afford to drive about in motor cars is surprising. To what extent, thanks to Protection, they are able to exploit the rest of the population, is shown by the fact that food prices are relatively higher in France than the general cost of living, whereas they are lower in England. Yet France is capable of producing all her own food and England is not. As for the declarations of income made by the rich in France, the wretched yield of the income tax shows what they are worth. The total income tax collected in France in 1921 worked out the magnificent sum of frs.29.30 per head of the population — about eleven shillings.

According to the figures supplied by the French Government, the total taxation in 1921 was 475 francs per head of the population. But, in the first place, this sum includes profits from State monopolies, which are not taxation, and which account for about 30 francs. In the second place, as has been shown, about half the direct taxation was not collected. Taking the figure, however, for what it is worth, it represents a 'corrected' value of frs.137.65 per head of the population.

I am not able at the moment to ascertain the taxation per head of the population in France before the war, but the total revenue from all sources in 1913 was 129 francs per head of the population — the expenditure being 165 francs. The total 'corrected' revenue in 1921 was frs.167.40 (577.60 paper francs), only 29.7 per cent more than in 1913. The relative increase in taxation was probably about the same. In the United Kingdom, on the other hand, the taxation per head of the population was £21 16*s.* in 1921 — its 'corrected' value being £12 — and the total revenue was £29 2*s.* — 'corrected' value £16. In 1913 the total British revenue was £4 10*s.* per head of the population, so it had increased 255.5 per cent in 1921. No doubt the increase in taxation was in much the same proportion. That is to say, the British taxpayer was paying in 1921 three and a half times as much as before the war and the French taxpayer not quite a third as much again. And the British taxpayer was paying more than twice as much as the French — 117.9 per cent more.

Whether the burden of taxation be heavy or not depends, however, on its relation to income. Before the war the British national income per head of the population was 31.6 per cent higher than the French, and there is no reason to suppose that their relation to each other has altered. If it has not, French taxation would have to be increased

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65.2 per cent to make it even relatively as high as British. Let us, however, take the quite gratuitous hypothesis that the real value of the British national income has remained the same, while that of the French has declined in the same proportion as the estimated decline in the real value of the national wealth. On that hypothesis, the British national income per head of the population in 1921 would have been £90 10*s.*, and the French 2589 francs, — in paper money, — so that the 'corrected' value of the British national income would have been 66.6 per cent more than that of the French.

Even on this somewhat extravagant hypothesis we get the following comparisons. The total French revenue from all sources per head of the population was 13.4 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 22.2 per cent in 1921. The total British revenue per head of the population was 9 per cent of the national income in 1913 and 32.1 per cent in 1921. The taxation per head of the population in 1921 was 18.3 per cent of the national income in France and 24 per cent in the United Kingdom.

Thus, on the most favorable hypothesis possible to France, — almost certainly more favorable than the actual facts, — the French are much more lightly taxed than the English, apart from the fact that taxes in England are really paid. The French have no heavier a financial burden to bear than we, and are quite as well able to bear it. Although 40 per cent of the French national expenditure in 1921 consisted of money voted, at least nominally, for the restoration of the devastated territory, the 'corrected' value of the British national expenditure per head of the population in 1921 was a fraction higher than that of the French — frs. 338.35 against frs.336.80 — the paper figures being respectively £23 15*s.* 4*d.* and frs.1162.10. It is not the cost of reconstruction that has thrown the French national finances into chaos. One of the principal causes is the refusal of the wealthy bourgeoisie and the farmers to contribute their just share of taxation, or anything like it.

It is a little difficult to ask British taxpayers to present £572,000,000 to a prosperous and wealthy country where, although the poorer part of the urban population is crushed under the load of indirect taxation, the agriculturists and the wealthy classes pay nothing like what they pay in England. The only thing that could make it worth while for the British taxpayers to consent to such a sacrifice would be the assurance that they would thereby secure the peace of Europe. That involves certain conditions. It would not be enough merely to reduce the French claim on Germany and enable Germany to pay by an international loan. The occupation of German territory and the oppressive régime existing in the Saar Valley are insurmountable obstacles to reconciliation and peace. I would, therefore, suggest that we should offer to cancel the debt owed to Great Britain by France and to renounce our share of the indemnity on condition (1) that the indemnity be reduced to the amount necessary to restore the devastated regions and no more; (2) that the occupation of German territory cease at once; (3) that all the Allied commissions in Germany be withdrawn; (4) that the Saar Valley be restored forthwith to Germany, without prejudice, of course, to the French ownership of the mines.

If the French Government would consent to these conditions, it would be worth while to make the heavy sacrifice asked of us. If not, we should refuse to make it.

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NAPOLEON'S SUPERSTITIONS

BY PROFESSOR HEINRICH BLOCH

From *Pester Lloyd, July* 13
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

BARON MENEVAL, in his *Memories of Napoleon I*, observes: 'It is commonly believed that great men are superstitious. The masses are superstitious themselves, and assume that mighty deeds can be accomplished only by supernatural means; while others cannot forgive great men their superiority, so love to ascribe to them belittling human weaknesses.'

The superstition which consists in a belief in supernatural agencies, in mysterious and unknown powers that affect and determine our destiny, is very different from the coarser and lower superstition which places faith in the prophecies and powers of soothsayers, astrologists, and other miracle-workers. Napoleon was free from the latter kind of superstition, although he was fully convinced that he was a providential instrument, chosen to carry out an important mission, and that his mystical destiny led him on from success to success. He possessed, like every man, certain weaknesses. As is the case with many powerful minds, we discover in him an inclination to interpret casual circumstances and peculiar coincidences as indications that he had been chosen by a Higher Power to accomplish great things.

Napoleon felt perfectly certain that a lucky star presided over him. One time at Bayonne he entrusted to the captain of a corvette very weighty dispatches, telling him to lift anchor immediately. The next day the Emperor discovered that the captain was still lingering in the town. Furious at his disobedience, he summoned the tardy officer before him and demanded sternly why he had delayed. 'Sire,' answered the man, 'the English have blockaded the harbor, and I feared to venture out — not on account of my vessel, not on account of my personal safety, but on account of the dispatches that you have entrusted to me.' Mollified by this reply, Napoleon answered: 'Have no fear, captain. Sail out; my star will guide you.'

The Emperor also believed that the position of the stars had something to do with the fortunes of each individual. After the battle of Jena, he observed to Wieland, who had solicited an interview: 'Do you know the dream of Frederick the Great?'

Napoleon referred to this incident. On the night of August 15, — the night that Napoleon was born, — Frederick the Great, who was in Berlin, had the following dream, which is described in his own words: 'Can you explain a dream that is puzzling me exceedingly?' he asked his adjutant. 'I saw the star of my kingdom and my fortune shining brightly in the sky. I was admiring its brilliance, when another star appeared beyond mine, darkening mine as it drew near. A collision followed, and one star, dimmed and darkened, fell from the path of the other and sank to the earth, as if it were overwhelmed by a power that was to destroy it. The struggle lasted a long time, until finally my star was liberated, though with great difficulty. It resumed its former position, and again shone in the heavens, but the other star disappeared.'

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Wieland answered, 'Yes.'

'Well, then, do you believe in the constellations?'

'The dream was true, sire. That is all I can say.'

'A remarkable threat, my dear sir. It forebodes us no good.'

'How's that?' asked the poet.

'It forebodes us no good, for the star of the man that is dead shall triumph over the star of the man that is living.'

While returning from the siege of Danzig in 1806, General Rapp had an important message to give to Napoleon. He entered the latter's room without being announced, and found the Emperor so absorbed that he did not venture to interrupt him. But as the Emperor did not move, the General thought he might be ill, and he purposely made a noise. Napoleon suddenly turned around, seized the General by the arm, and said: 'Did n't you notice it? That is my star. There it is shining in front of you.' He continued excitedly: 'It has never left me. I see it in all great crises. It commands me to go forward, and that is always a sign of good luck for me.'

In the autumn of 1811, Cardinal Fesch begged the Emperor to stop his war against the Church, the other nations, and the elements. Napoleon answered, fairly dragging him to the window: 'See that star over there?'

'Sire, I see nothing.'

'Anyway, I see it,' insisted Napoleon impatiently.

Napoleon sometimes attached great importance to ordinary incidents, in themselves insignificant. To him they had a prophetic meaning. When he was making a reconnoissance in 1812, just after having crossed the Niemen, his horse threw him. Napoleon was not injured, but a morbid depression seized him. He did not speak again that day, and dark forebodings troubled his soul. Later he explained: 'A man is superstitious against his will in moments like this, when great things are pending.'

Napoleon had a peculiar dread of certain days and certain numbers. Indeed, he disliked some letters. For instance, he regarded the letter 'M' as boding ill-luck. We can conjecture a reason, though hardly a rational one, for some of these dislikes, when we study Napoleon's career. Moreau betrayed him; Mallet conspired against him; Murat and Marmont deserted him; Metternich beat him in the diplomatic game; he surrendered himself to Captain Maitland of the Bellerophon; he received his worst defeat near Mont Saint Jean at Waterloo. The tide of his military success turned at Moscow. To be sure, we could quote other names beginning with M that were associated with happy events and good fortune in his life. But such likes and dislikes cannot be explained on rational grounds.

It often happened that his feeling in regard to a lucky or unlucky event completely changed. Shortly before his coronation, Napoleon gave an old book, entitled *Livres de Prophéties*, to his wife, Josephine, to read. Josephine read in a startled voice the prophecy of Noël Olivarius.

'What's this?' she inquired with surprise.

'They say it refers to me,' answered the Emperor.

'What, in a book published in the year 1542?'

'Read on, please,' insisted Napoleon.

The Empress read what follows: —

Italy will see a supernatural being arise from kindred stock. This man will come in his youth out of the sea. He will adopt the language and the manners of the Celto-Gauls. While still young, and in spite of untold obstacles, he will have a brilliant career and become a great commander. Years of arduous toil and struggle will follow. He will be constantly at war for more than a lustrum, near the land of his birth. He will

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give laws to the Germans, end the chaos in Gaul, and finally be made King. Thereupon he will assume the title of Emperor, with the enthusiastic approval of the nation. He will fight in all parts of his Empire, and for two lustrums and more defeat princes and kings.

He will do great things for his realm, construct magnificent buildings, ports, canals, and waterworks. He alone will accomplish as much as all the Romans. He will have two wives and one son. In his wars, his campaigns will lead him where the fifty-fifth parallel of latitude intersects the fifty-fifth meridian. There his enemies will set fire to a great city. He will enter it with his soldiers, and again leave the ruins. His men will have neither bread nor water. They will perish in the bitter cold. Finally this great man, deserted and betrayed by his friends, will be driven into his own capital by a great European army. Banished to an island not far from his native land, he will remain there with his followers for eleven months, after which he will again disembark on Gaulo-Celtic soil. Driven out by a European Triple Alliance in three and one half months, he will be compelled to surrender his throne to the former king.

Josephine, astonished at what she had just read, closed the volume and asked Napoleon more about this strange book. He tried to convey the impression that he attached no importance to the prophecy of Noël Olivarius, saying: 'Prophecies always say just what you want them to. I will confess, though, that this one has impressed me deeply.'

The first time Napoleon read this prophecy, the origin of which it is not necessary to go into at this place, he laughed at it. However, in 1806, when he read it the second time, he turned pale. He asked a theologian to come to him, and inquired whether his religion obligated him to believe in prophecies. He received the answer: 'The spirit of God has spoken through the prophets.'

We see that Napoleon was an opportunist in his belief in supernatural things, just as he was in politics. If he now and then was inclined to attribute a mysterious meaning to certain events, as every man is prone to do, he did not permit superstition, in the ordinary sense, to control his actions.

EPITAPH ON A VAGABOND

BY ALEXANDER GRAY

[*London Mercury*]

CARELESS I lived, accepting day by day
The lavish benison of sun and rain,
Watching the changing seasons pass away
And come again.

Now the great Harvester has stilled my breath;
In this cold house I neither hear nor see.
Though in my life I never thought of Death,
Death thought of me.

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GERMANY AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY BERNHARD DERNBURG

[Dr. Dernburg, at one time Colonial Minister of Germany, and early in the war an official defender of her interests in the United States, is well known to many Americans. He has been prominent in German Liberal circles since the Revolution.]

From the *Berliner Tageblatt, July 20*
(LIBERAL DAILY)

WHEN the German Peace Delegation at Versailles urged that their country be admitted immediately to the League of Nations, they were informed by the Allies, in a tone of stern rebuke, that a period of probation would be necessary, during which Germany must give evidence of a right attitude toward the victorious Powers. This injunction has been repeated countless times since, although Germany has never repeated her request. Now the League of Nations people seem to think that the period of probation has lasted quite long enough, and that Germany's absence is weakening the League. That is quite comprehensible. In fact, Germany's absence may do more to make the League of Nations a mere torso than even the absence of the United States.

Some of the Allies, especially France, still protest violently against this suggestion. Nevertheless Germany is needed in the League, because without us its whole structure is unbalanced and threatens to collapse. But, while it is intimated that our presence there would be welcome, the Allies are loath to give up their rôle of victors, and they regard any concession to the vanquished with an air of patronizing condescension. They discuss the subject as if Germany were appealing for admission, and they had to ponder carefully under what conditions this grace should be granted. They overlook entirely the fact that neither the German Government nor the German public is interested in joining the League.

However, all this is immaterial, so far as the main question is concerned. The League of Nations problem ought to be altogether too important and too serious for Germany, to be debated in an atmosphere of irritation and resentment. We must consider the subject objectively and practically, and decide with clear and unprejudiced minds what our attitude toward the League shall be.

One thing, I assume, may be taken for granted. The endorsement of the League of Nations idea that the German Government gave at Versailles must and will be confirmed. The German Government will always champion the idea of law and justice which underlies the theory of a League of Nations, and will make that idea the corner stone of its international policies. Our Government will not let its attitude be affected by the argument that this may be interpreted merely as an opportunist concession to our temporary weakness. For the idea of a permanent agency to maintain peace between nations, having once been embodied in an actual organization, is bound to live; and the vitality and sincerity of every true democracy will be measured by the energy with which

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it labors to realize this ideal in practice.

This rule of political conduct, however, does not answer the question, What attitude shall Germany take to the League of Nations established by the Treaty of Versailles? Wholehearted champions of the League idea must admit that the Geneva Society has not hitherto truly embodied its fundamental spirit. Germany's experience during the last few years makes her regard the Geneva League as merely a bailiff to enforce the Versailles Treaty — as the agent of the victorious Powers to work their will with Germany.

Every action of the League affecting Germany has but strengthened this impression. We need only recall Eupen-Malmedy, the Saar, Upper Silesia, our futile protest against the illegal occupation of the cities of the right bank of the Rhine, and the allotment of colonial mandates, to realize how the faith of the German League supporters has been shattered. But this loss of faith is not confined to Germany. It shows itself in countries that already belong to the League, where skeptical and sarcastic criticism is constantly rising higher. Men ask if the League of Nations has proved able to handle a single one of the tasks committed to it. They ask what it has contributed to the recovery of Europe; what it has accomplished toward the reduction of armaments; why it did not prevent the Russo-Polish War? They highly approve the establishment of a world tribunal at The Hague, but wonder what its value will be so long as no Power of the first rank is willing to bow unconditionally to its judgments. The League was powerless to settle even so clear and so comparatively trifling a question as the boundary dispute between Poland and Lithuania. All that these critics can find to its credit is the worthy but bureaucratic service performed by the General Secretariat at Geneva.

However, it seems to me unreasonable to infer, even from the numerous failures I have cited, that the world is not yet ripe for a League of Nations. The primary reason for these failures is the faulty constitution of the Geneva organization, which is not an association of Governments, enjoying equal rights, for the purpose of performing common functions, but a mechanism to enable a small clique of Great Powers to impose their will upon the rest of the world. The chief functions of the League rest in the hands of its Council; and, as everyone knows, the nations belonging to the League are not equally represented in that Council. That body is merely a governmental organ whose policy has so far been made to subserve exclusively the interests of three victorious Powers.

Consequently, I am inclined to consider the constitution of the League Council the main thing to be considered by Germany in joining that organization. I believe it utterly impossible for this country to join a body so completely committed as it is to enforcing the Versailles Treaty, until we have some means of making our opinions felt in the Governing Council of the League. Unless the present constitution of the League is radically reformed, Germany can become a member only under the express condition that she be granted a seat and a vote in the Governing Council. No question of prestige is involved in Germany's claim to be counted among the great European Powers. Unless we had a member in the Council our participation would be limited to sending a delegation each year to the League Assembly, to contributing a considerable annual sum for the League's support, and to sanctioning tacitly all the acts

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of the League, including the enforcement of those provisions of the Versailles Treaty that we regard as unjust and contrary to international law.

Even were Germany to be given a place upon the Council of the League of Nations, other questions would remain. The dangers we should incur from the constitution of the League might be diminished, but not eliminated. Therefore Germany should insist from the outset that the constitution of the League be radically revised in a liberal direction that will make it hereafter a fruitful and efficiently functioning organization. This revision must take the control of the League out of the hands of any small group of Governments, and transfer it to a body that directly represents the real wishes of the common people of the member nations. This implies a radical reformation — not only of the constitution of the Council, but also of the League Assembly.

Unless such democratic reforms are introduced, Germany's admission to the League will be neither to her advantage nor to the advantage of that body. We must not delude ourselves with the idea that these reforms can wait until after we have joined. So long as the League is constituted as at present, Germany's influence in it would be too small to secure adequate reforms. If Germany wishes to show that she takes the League of Nations seriously, and regards joining it as an important step, she must insist on these two conditions: that she be admitted immediately to membership in the League Council, and that the constitution be revised to secure the objects we have indicated.

In conclusion, let me point out a matter that is not directly associated with Germany's admission to the League, but that should be borne in mind in discussing that possibility. Allied troops still occupy the cities on the right bank of the Rhine which were seized immediately after the London Conference. There is not a shadow of justification in international law for this act of aggression. Is it therefore possible for us to consider for a moment entering into such intimate relations with other Governments, so long as they arbitrarily and by force occupy part of our territory?

After all that has happened, it may be difficult to convince the German people that the League of Nations is to be trusted, even were all the conditions I have mentioned fulfilled. They will constantly hark back to the things the League has already done; they will argue that a League of Nations without the United States and Russia is too small to succeed; and they will fear that, so long as Russia remains outside, Germany will be exposed to special dangers if she joins. There are some arguments to support this attitude, but I do not regard them as decisive. It is a question of much more interest — whether the Allies, and in particular France, would agree to the conditions I have mentioned. Up to the present, all we hear from France is of the new restraints they wish to impose upon us; not of concessions.

If our admission is designed merely to rivet the Versailles Treaty more firmly upon us than ever, then further discussion is useless. But possibly the time will come when France will recognize that strengthening and broadening the League will serve her interests better than ruining Germany, and when our demand to be admitted to that body as an equal with the other Great Powers will be granted. On no other terms can the German Government take the responsibility of applying for admission.

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A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY'S MIND

BY SARAH MOFFATT SCHENCK

From the *Japan Advertiser, July* 16
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THE old, familiar McGuffey Reader and Blue-back Speller of some decades ago have been called an index to the minds of American children of those days. Through his schoolbooks you can learn much of the mental outlook of any child. The purpose of this article is to explore some of the schoolday thoughts of the average Japanese child. The guide chosen is the *Tokuhon*, the standardized Readers used in every Japanese school.

Yesterday was a beautiful, clear Japanese day. Following plans we had already made, I and two or three friends went for a walking tour (*ensoku*). It was about seven o'clock in the morning when we left the house (*uchi*). We all met at the bridge and went about four or five blocks (*cho*) up the river until we got out of the town and came to the rice fields.

In the fields, the rice plants were ripening beautifully, and when the wind blew it looked as if yellow waves were rising. Beyond the rice fields was a dense grove and through the trees we could see the red torii of a shrine (*yashiro*). Behind the shrine rose a pine-covered hill. It was this hill that we said we would climb. Following a footpath between the rice fields for seven or eight cho, we crossed (*wataru*) a bridge over a little stream and came out in front of the shrine. First of all, we worshiped in front of the shrine, and then rested there a little while.

Behind the shrine, there was a road leading up the mountain. It was a small, steep road, and along it the uncut grass (*husa*) and flowers grew in a tangle. I became quite tired and hungry while we were climbing up the road. A cool breeze was blowing, so we sat on the grass and ate our rice-balls and enjoyed ourselves very much.

When we returned, we did not take the same road, but came down by another (*butsu*) way. Climbing up took three hours, but coming down took only two hours. We played some time, so it was evening by the time we reached home. That night, stretching out my tired legs, I slept until morning without waking.

Such is a reasonably literal translation of a lesson taken at random from the Sixth Tokuhon, or Japanese school Reader. The speaker is supposed to be a boy, nine or ten years old, about the age of the little pupil who studies the lesson. A small map accompanies the lesson, so the youthful pedestrian's road may be followed across the fields and stream to the hill with the shrine. Marks indicating the town, river and stream, rice fields, shrine, and trees are the same in this map as in the many maps of different districts sold at all Japanese news-stands. The pupil accordingly gets from this lesson more than merely a few new words and practice in reading.

This generally seems to be the aim of the Educational Department when they construct the Tokuhon. These books correspond to the Primers and Readers of the elementary schools of America. They are twelve in number, covering the six years of the *sho-gakko*, or primary-school years. Beginning with the simplest form of Japanese writing, the *kata-kana*, the pupil is gradually taught to read his own language, first by the introduction of the other syllabic form, the *hira-gana*, and then by the Chinese characters. The simplest of these are introduced as

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early as the second Tokuhon, gradually increasing in number and complexity until the twelfth Reader is reached, by which time the pupil is supposed to have mastered well over a thousand characters.

Since the Tokuhon are compiled and issued by the Educational Department, they are uniform throughout the country. They are subject to revision, however, about every seven years, so that the Sixth Tokuhon used in the schools in 1914, for example, probably differs in numerous details from the one used in 1922. The differences are not significant, the same standard of progress in learning being consistently maintained.

The Japanese words in parentheses in the lesson above represent the characters to be learned at this time. The lesson, for the most part, is written in hira-gana, with a few characters already familiar to the pupil interspersed. There are only seven new ones given in this lesson and of these one is a character already learned by the pupil but used here in a different sense. The character that stands for the Japanese word *cho*, meaning a measure of distance (358 feet), is the same character that stands for *machi*, meaning town. The meaning of town with the pronunciation of *machi* had been taught in a previous reader. It was now learned as *cho* with the measure-meaning.

The greater number of the lessons composing the Tokuhons are instructive. Some lessons deal with facts of nature, such as a lesson on the Four Seasons, or on Wild Geese, or about Bears. Others have to do with manufacturing processes, such as weaving, or the production and use of lumber. Other lessons treat of geographical places, like Osaka, or 'A Harbor.' Some are intended more to amuse than to instruct, but even these are usually taken from legendary tales and are apt to point a moral. A story taken from old Chinese legendary history is Lesson Seven of the Sixth Tokuhon. It is entitled 'The Clever Child,' and runs somewhat as follows: —

In ancient times in a certain country the people wished to weigh an elephant (*zo*). But no one knew how this could be done. At that time there was a boy living in the place who said, 'I will try to weigh the elephant.' So he caused them to put the elephant in a boat. He then put (*tsukeru*) a mark on the boat at the point where the elephant's weight caused it to sink in the water. Then he had the elephant taken out of the boat and in its place (*kawari*) piled the boat full of rocks until it sank to the mark he had made when the elephant was in the boat. Then he took the rocks out of the boat and carefully weighed them, and thus he found out how much the elephant weighed.

In the garden of a certain house, there was a big water-jar full of rain water. A child climbed up to the edge of the jar and while he was playing (*asobi*) there he missed his footing and fell in. If left alone, he would soon die. The other children who were playing there were much frightened and did not know what to do. Suddenly another child appeared, carrying a huge stone which he threw (*nageru*) with all his might against the jar. A big hole was broken in the jar and the water came pouring out. Thus the child's life (*inochi*) was saved.

The incident of the child in the water jar is possibly familiar to many foreigners, for this story is a favorite theme with both Chinese and Japanese artists. It has frequently been made the subject of a painting; and it is also the design of many a wood carving, of faïence, of lacquer ware, and of embroidery. The achievements of the 'clever child' of the lesson are attributed to Mencius (*Moshi*, according to the Japanese pronunciation). Mencius lived in China in the second century before Christ, and was one of the most famous expounders of the doctrines of Confucius.

The lesson following the one just quoted is intended to be amusing as

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well as instructive. It is a dialogue between two inanimate objects, a form of writing much enjoyed by Japanese children — if not all children. The conversation is conducted by the Teakettle and the Iron Pot, and is in the style of a battle of wits.

One evening, at the hardware store, the Teakettle and the Iron Pot both began to boast. 'Well,' the Teakettle said, 'there are several different kinds of metals, but among them all the one most useful to man is myself and my companions of copper (*akagane*). Gold and silver are very pretty. They are used for rings and watches and other kinds of jewelry, but, since those metals are rare, their price is very high. On the other hand there is much more copper than there is gold and silver, and the price is accordingly cheap. Therefore it can be made into copper coins and into wire (*harigane*). It can also be made into copper basins and into teakettles like myself. If you really look at it carefully, there is probably no metal more useful than copper!'

The Iron Pot answered, 'Indeed there is a lot of copper, and it is very useful, but there is something still more plentiful and more useful — and that is iron (*tetsu*). All boiling kettles are of iron. A stewpot (*nabe*) in which you cook many things is made of iron. A thing for boiling water, like me, is made of iron. Besides, it would not be possible to make any of the things, from tiny nails (*kugi*) and needles to such big things as locomotives and battleships, if it were not for iron. Just now, iron is not in the company of coins (*zeni*), but in usefulness to man it is above copper.'

When the Teakettle heard this, he asked, 'But iron rusts, and gets red, does it not?' The Iron Pot answered, 'We get rusty when people do not use us. If used every day, iron will always be shining. But with copper, even when it is used, it often gets green spots on it, and this is just the same as rust. But this rust is a very bad poison.' When he had said this, the Teakettle kept quiet, utterly defeated.

Not all the lessons are in the form of stories. There is a letter, for instance, from a father addressed to his son Taro and his daughter O-Hana. It is given with the proper epistolary openings and endings. He tells them he took the train for Kyoto, arrived there at nine o'clock in the evening, and the next day went sight-seeing. He will be back next Wednesday and will have presents for them and lots to tell them. Another lesson is an extract from the supposed diary of a small boy. In this case, it does not much resemble the *Diary of a Real Boy* except in its entries of 'brite and fair.' But if the real diary of a real Japanese boy could be examined, it would doubtless prove more amusing to the grown-up reader, if not entirely suitable as a model for youthful students.

Then there is a lesson on Japanese proverbs. These in themselves are a subject of much interest to the student of things Japanese. Many of them are of great antiquity, dating back further than history can follow. Others are of quite recent coinage. A few are borrowed from Chinese and other sources. They serve as a key to the commonly preached, if not practised, philosophy of the country. Such sayings are used in the ordinary speech of a Japanese much more than are the wise saws of his country by an American. These are given in Lesson Thirteen of the Sixth Tokuhon.

Negligence is a great enemy (*teki*).

Look on others' manners, and correct your own.

Even the monkey falls from the tree.

If you pinch yourself (*mi*), you can understand another's pain.

If you hurry, you lose time.

Pleasure (*raku*) is the seed of pain; pain is the seed of pleasure.

Use your stick (*tsuye*) before you stumble.

If you pile up dust, it will become a mountain.

Sickness (*yamai*) enters by the mouth.

(You find) the bat in the town where there is no bird.

The frog in the bottom of the well (*ido*) does not know of the existence of the ocean.

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It has been customary, during the last decade, to put forth the claim that the children in Japanese public schools are well grounded in militaristic ideas and ideals. This may or may not be so, but if the evidence of the Tokuhon be taken into account, the claim can hardly be substantiated. It is true that nearly all the Tokuhon, from the most elementary, contain some stories of Japanese military heroes, but the incidents selected from their careers are not those intended to implant a militaristic spirit. Lesson Seventeen illustrates this point.

Uyesugi Kenshin was a strong and famous general. In the battle of Kawa-naka-shima, his opponent (*aite*) was Takeda Shingen, another clever warrior, who was not in the least afraid of Kenshin. One day Kenshin had placed his camp (*jin*) on a hill, when Shingen divided his soldiers on the right and left so that Kenshin was as if between the blades of the scissors. When Kenshin discovered this, he decided to take the lead, and during the night he attacked Shingen's position. Shingen was startled by the suddenness of it, but he aroused his camp and faced (*hiki-uke*) the enemy.

Kenshin was an ambitious man, and as the battle grew fiercer, he became impatient. Suddenly jumping on a horse, he rode ahead of his followers, cutting his way into Shingen's headquarters. Shingen did not have time to draw (*nuku*) his sword. He defended himself with his war-fan, but the handle of this broke and the sword was about to pierce him. Just at that moment one of Shingen's retainers came up from the rear. He threw his spear and struck Kenshin's horse in the rump. The frightened horse leaped in the air, and by this act Shingen's life was saved.

Kenshin was a man of great compassion as well as a very brave warrior. Shingen's country was a mountainous territory, and the inhabitants had no salt of their own. They bought salt from a neighboring country. During the time of war, in order to harass Shingen, this neighboring country would not send (*okuru*) any salt. When Kenshin heard about this he said, 'Certainly, we are at war with each other, but with the people of the enemy country we have no grudge. Their state is indeed pitiful.' So he sent them salt from his own supplies. Later, when he learned of Shingen's death, he said, 'Ah, that is very regrettable. One of my best enemies is dead!' And he lamented.

Other historical incidents are included in the book, one of them being a story about Hideyoshi, the greatest warrior of all. But in none of the stories are war and armed strife looked upon as better than a necessary evil. Deeds of magnanimity and kindness are dwelt upon rather than the physical prowess of the leader.

Honest toil finds its place in the Reader in company with some of the customs peculiar to the Japanese people: there is a lesson which describes the ceremony of a 'roof-raising.' The peculiarity of this custom is due, not only to the ceremonies and superstitions connected with it, but to the unique procedure of a Japanese carpenter when he begins to build a house. This consists in carefully joining together and setting in place on the ground the timbers of the roof, before any of the uprights have been placed. When the framework of the roof is finished, the whole structure is hoisted to the desired height, as one piece. When it is in position, the customary rites are begun. But perhaps it would be well to let the Tokuhon tell the story.

On the roof are a paper tassel, a painted bow and arrow, and a round fan as decorations. In front of the tassel, *sake* offerings, *mochi* (rice cakes), and fish are prepared. Men and women, old people and children are gathered together in a crowd, while in front are the carpenters (*daiku*) dressed in new liveries.

The moment the roof is raised, they throw the mochi, and the crowd struggles to pick it up. When this flurry is over and a matting has been laid down, a congratulatory feast is begun. An old man raises his voice in the song (*uta*) of the timbers and the younger

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men join in. They accompany the song with beats of the mallets — a-te-to, a-te-to. The master, dressed in his *haori* and *hakama* (formal dress), looks on approvingly, and says, 'Honorable labor! Honorable labor!' (*Gokuro, gokuro!*)

Along with the lesson is a diagram of the framework of a typical Japanese dwelling-house. The various timbers are numbered and the names of the pieces are given. By means of such lessons, the child's attention is directed to conditions around him, to the facts and actions of everyday life that otherwise might easily escape his notice. And, at the same time that he is taught to observe, he is also instructed in terms that may be useful to him later. To what uses straw is put, what articles are made from bamboo, the names of the different grains, the process of rice culture and many other such matters are treated of in the different Tokuhon.

The last lesson of the Sixth Tokuhon is a simple poem, called 'The Counting Song.' It epitomizes the Japanese code of morals, of honor, of duty, but is expressed in words that a child can understand. The rhythm of the syllables helps in memorizing the poem and in emphasizing the sentiments expressed. The following is a crude effort at a nearly literal translation of the poem:—

'One' stands for Loyalty — that 's the first thing —
For glory of Emperor and glory of country.
'Two' stands for honor and love for your parents,
Love well your father, love well your mother.
'Three' is the family — the tree and the branches;
You belong to your sisters and brothers.
'Four' means to good things you always should listen,
And bad things you never should heed — thus friend to friend.
'Five' tells of the evils of fibbing,
Children should learn to be cautious and truthful.
'Six' means to think on the past, to know well the present;
The bright light of knowledge is reached by endeavor.
'Seven' stands for sympathy for those who are troubled,
Give pity to them — pity with all your heart.
'Eight' is the proverb — Ill through the mouth enters —
Think, and take care of your food and your drink.
'Nine' is the soul, a thing of great beauty,
Let nothing lower or lessen your own.
'Ten' stands for your ancestors of long, long ago,
Guard them well, for your house and your family.

When the pupil completes this book, he has done work about equivalent to the Third Reader in the American public schools. The question here arises, has he not done more work? Are not the complicated characters of the Chinese and Japanese written languages more difficult to learn than the words of the English, or any other Occidental language? The question is one that is open to debate. Professor Chamberlain, the Englishman who had the unique position (for a foreigner) of Professor of Japanese at the Imperial University of Tokyo, takes the stand that, to the growing child, one system of writing is no more difficult to master than another. He says: 'The Japanese lad of fifteen is abreast of his English contemporary in every way. . . . The fact seems to be that, at a certain age, the mind will absorb any system of written symbols equally well. A large number can, practically, be learned in the same time as a small number. . . . The same holds good of spoken symbols. Any language is assimilated equally well in early childhood — a complex inflectional language in precisely the same time as a simple monosyllabic one.' Whether this contention be sound or not, it is certain that the Japanese

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child, with the help of his Tokuhon, has mastered over a thousand characters by the time he is twelve or thirteen years old. This number suffices for ordinary purposes, especially since the hira-gana is used in conjunction with the characters by newspapers and most other publications in Japan to-day. If the child is forced to leave school at this age — and education is compulsory in Japan up to this point — he still can never be called illiterate. He may not be able to read technical or philosophical works, nor will he have a lively appreciation of the fine points of his literature; still, how much is possible to the pupil in English, with his apparently simple alphabet, when he has finished the seventh or eighth Reader in grammar school?

SONNET

BY GEOFFREY DEARMER

Observer]

Oh, would you were a poet. Death will take
Your radiance all unregistered away,
And many, then, who knew you not will make
Life's day, that might have been a magic day,
A day of sleep. But, could some poet borrow
Your harmony serene of mind and heart,
To-day might then be echoed in To-morrow
And part of you live after you, apart.

Bright lamp of many lives, you burn and give
Your light to lighten us and deem our own
As glowworms deem their glory. Yet you live
A far-off sun, aloof, and little known
As Dawn's supreme sidereal fugitive,
Who fares through frozen skies, and fares alone.

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AN INTERVIEW WITH MAXIMILIAN HARDEN

BY NINO SALVANESCHI

[*The following interview with Maximilian Harden, by the Berlin correspondent of* La Tribuna, *occurred just after the former had been assaulted and seriously wounded by German reactionaries.*]

From *La Tribuna, July* 21
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

I HAVE known Maximilian Harden about twenty years. Bismarck had long previously discovered this brilliant Jewish writer and had used him to torment William II. The *Zukunft* was already attracting wide attention under his editorship. In fact, there was a Jewish intellectual élite in Berlin that swore by Harden. In 1899 and again in 1901 the editor had been imprisoned for several weeks in a fortress near Danzig for libeling his Imperial Majesty. Consequently he wore the crown of martyrdom.

He had established his reputation as a talented writer, possessing a style peculiarly his own. He was the only truly brilliant, deep, and audacious journalist in the Germany of the Hohenzollerns. Therefore when I first met this ex-actor, who had deserted the boards of the *Intimes Theater* in the suburbs of Berlin to enter the arena of press polemics, he was already a conspicuous figure in the German public world.

Not without reason had the great Norwegian caricaturist, Olaf Gulbransson, cartooned him among the great contemporaries of that period, with Ibsen, Gor'kii, Bülow, and Kaiser Wilhelm himself.

This spoiled child, this enfant terrible of sober, plodding Prussian journalism, first caught the public eye by a series of vigorous and cutting character sketches, entitled *Köpfe*, in which he traced with a pen as unerring as it was unsparing — indeed with something of the sureness and incisiveness of Albrecht Dürer — portraits of William II, Bismarck, Edward VII of England, and other crowned heads and public men of Europe.

But what gave him the widest notoriety was a parable printed in *Zukunft* in 1901, entitled 'Grandfather's Clock.' It was an absorbing story in which the ex-actor evidently amused himself hugely, relating the sad adventures of a magnificent clock bequeathed by a grandfather to his degenerate nephew. The parable was clear. The grandfather was William I; the nephew was William II; the clock was Bismarck. The inquisitive nephew gratified his idle curiosity by taking the beautiful timepiece apart, in order to see how it was made inside. Thus Bismarck's admirer paid homage to the memory of the Iron Chancellor, and at the same time pointed out to the German people the folly and dangers of Hohenzollern policy.

It was this parable that sent Maximilian Harden to prison for several weeks, the judges balancing their verdict between desire to placate their enraged master and fear of irritating the almost equally dangerous satirist.

From that incident dated open warfare between the restless and able Hebrew journalist and William II. Its first period culminated in the former's

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famous articles, entitled 'The Round Table,' in which with intrepid courage he unveiled to all Europe the scandals behind the scenes in the Prussian Court and Count Von Eulenberg's indecencies.

When the European War broke out, Harden, who had now become one of the solid buttresses of the German press, a man whose word carried weight through Europe, joined his colleagues in imagining that Germany's adventure was a grand enterprise, and that it was to be a glad and joyous war.

As a Jew and a German, devoted to his country's cause by both tokens, Harden filled *Zukunft* with articles intensely loyal to the German cause. But that very clearness of vision that prompted him to call his publication 'The Future,' soon taught him his error, and he was one of the first to retract these views.

Thereupon, with a courage that has never failed him throughout his journalistic career, — a courage the equal of which it would be difficult to find elsewhere in the history of the press, — he began to open the eyes of Germany to the true situation. He wrote at the time Wilson made public the famous Fourteen Points: 'We wanted this war. We have no plea in extenuation; no apology to which we can appeal.' He added, logically enough for him: 'The war! Bah! A slugging match — that's all!' From that time on it was a fight without mercy to prove to Imperialist Germany her manifold errors. Even as early as 1915, *Zukunft* was suspended for three months, and in 1918 it was suspended for five months; but the great pen-debater had set before himself a task that he pursued relentlessly to the end. He was not the man to take a backward step. And when Germany's collapse came he was still fighting, undaunted, a Germany that was blind to reason.

They proposed to seize his property and to banish him to Sweden, Palestine, Switzerland, or Denmark. But he stayed in Berlin and wrote. Pan-Germans froth at the mouth merely to hear him mentioned. But he stayed on in Berlin, and he continued to write, defending the Treaty of Versailles, and the German Republic that had sprung from the ruins of Imperial Germany. The assassination of Walther Rathenau finally caused the cup of wrath against this fearless critic to overflow. He wrote his own sentence in *Zukunft*, in the English language: 'When they shot Rathenau their only idea was to kill "that G—— d—— Jew pig."'

So two criminals came to Berlin from Munich — that has become a centre of reaction in Germany's darkest hours — expressly to murder him. They lurked about Berlin for three weeks, waiting for a propitious opportunity to beat to death (*totschlagen*) with an iron bar this keen and able thinker, who truly believed in the future of a democratic Germany.

The would-be assassins went to the Grünewald, a quarter named from the beautiful forest that forms one of the breathing-places in Berlin, in search of their victim. He resides with his wife and daughter on a shady corner of Wernerstrasse, in this charming suburb of flower-embowered villas, Gothic cottages, coffee shops, and beer gardens. His home is an attractive two-story house with a yard filled with roses and with morning-glories clustering around the windows.

To-day the house is closed. A single servant directs visitors to the hospital where they have taken Harden, struck down by eight blows of an iron rod on his head. The hospital is a few steps from the Siegesallee, which William II adorned with statues in questionable taste. There Harden lies in a private ward, attended day and night by his

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wife, who has been for many years his only secretary. Almost for the first time in his life he is enjoying complete rest. For he has been an indefatigable worker. Ever since *Zukunft* was founded in 1892, it has been his invariable custom to sit down at his writing-desk early Tuesday morning and to write all day and all night until seven o'clock Wednesday morning, preparing copy for the current week. He himself prepares every page of his manuscript and reads every page of his proof. Complete rest naturally is no luxury or pleasure for a man of such habits and temperament.

As he lies there in his bed, with his forehead and throat swathed in bandages, his finely cut features suggest slightly the face of Dante. His wife remarks: 'They thought they were dealing with an old man, who would give in at the first blow. But notwithstanding his seventy years he fought his assailants vigorously. And they imagine they can destroy the Republic this way. What folly! The new Germany will live.'

And that is the opinion of her husband. He has implicit faith in a better future for his country. 'Walther Rathenau, cultivated, talented, and brilliant, was not a man of the very first calibre; none the less he had a certain ability. Now that he is dead, chaos reigns in Germany.'

'And the Hohenzollerns?'

'Done for. But William will come back to Germany. To be sure, the Republic is not yet what it ought to be. We have no big men in sight. Nevertheless, the spirit of the Republic is definitely rooted in our people. Germany with all her able men is still seeking vainly for a nation-builder. And she will find him.'

'What will Germany do with regard to foreign relations?'

'*Zukunft* has already printed that, and will publish more upon the subject. We must fulfill loyally the Treaty of Versailles. A genuine alliance with France would be a most hopeful portent for the peace of Europe. If France and Germany could once get together, we should have no more wars.'

'And England?'

'She has not been mutilated by the war. One might almost say that she did not suffer from it. Her power is greater than ever. She was not invaded like France and stripped of her manhood.'

'And Italy?'

'She has followed the course predestined by fate, and is outside our orbit. Italy has completed her evolution.'

Madame Harden assured me that *Zukunft* would continue to be what it has been in the past — a fearless and vigorous champion of modern republicanism in Germany; that it would again take the field in behalf of permanent peace in Europe, and the reconstruction of Germany on a democratic basis. And she added with considerable warmth: 'They thought they would silence him — those assassins from Munich; but they fooled themselves. We shall fight on until we have won, because our country needs us. Maximilian Harden will not be daunted by a trifle like this.'

And, indeed, Kaiser Wilhelm tried to silence him and failed. It was no mere chance that Harden's hero should be the Iron Chancellor. He practises today the discipline of his master, and obeys the counsels that the old sage of Friedrichsruhe gave him when the young Jew actor first entered the lists as Bismarck's journalist champion forty years ago.

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J. M. SYNGE

BY L. A. G. STRONG

From the *Beacon, July*
(CHRISTIAN-LIBERAL MONTHLY)

SYNGE has now been dead a dozen years, yet the discussion of his position as an artist is still muddled with all manner of things that have no concern with art. In his own country he will wait long for recognition; and here even, where those who care for letters know and admit his work, to a larger number he is known as the author of one play, around which cluster hates and the obscure rages of old critics, and to the general theatregoing public, not at all. Therefore, there is perhaps excuse for trying within a short article to render a gesture or two which may suggest the man.

Nothing approaching a complete sketch can be attempted, nor a detailed account of his work. Perhaps least violence will be done if we consider briefly its most characteristic qualities, and suggest an attitude in which to approach the study of it.

We need not then linger over the landmarks in his career. He was born in 1871, of an old Wicklow family. By the end of the century he was in Paris, an unsuccessful journalist, with disease of the lungs. He was brought back to Ireland, induced for his health to lead an open-air life, and settled in the Aran Islands. Almost at once he began to write with authority, and by 1903 had entered upon the six years of creative life that have made his fame. In 1907 a play of his was attacked for reasons other than artistic. For a time he was despondent, and his complaint became worse. He started upon a tragedy of ancient Irish legend, and died before he could finish it, in 1910.

From the beginning of his work in Aran, he adopted a definite attitude, and never looked back; so we may begin by examining that attitude and its significance. Those who possess his works will find it clearly set forth in the poem beginning: —

> Adieu, sweet Angus, Maeve, and Fand;

in the Preface to the poems; and in the Preface to *The Playboy*. In effect, Synge thought that contemporary poetry had drifted too far in pursuit of abstractions, and that the novel and drama, while concerned with the realities of life, yet spoke of them 'in joyless and pallid words.' It was necessary that poetry should become human again, even though in so doing it became brutal: and in prose, the realities of life needed a living and beautiful speech to clothe them. Accordingly he turned to Irish peasant life for his inspiration, and to the speech of the Irish peasant for its dress.

This does not mean, as has since been foolishly suggested, that Synge thought a peasant's life more 'real' than yours or mine; but, as he says himself, 'all art is a collaboration,' and a speech which he took down from the lips of the peasants could but fit the lives of the peasants who spoke it.

There are several reasons which made this a sound choice, some of which may seem slight, but all of which are, I think, significant. To begin with,

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understanding of the mind and dialect of these folk was innate in Synge, and no facility of observation and mimicry can take the place of such understanding. In the second place, whereas in Paris Synge was, in Mr. Yeats's phrase, 'like a child trying to see out of a window dimmed with his own breath,' once he came to Aran, in sharp relief against his background, hearing thoughts expressed in an idiom he had long forgotten, his eyes were opened, and he could appraise these thoughts, and so criticize and weigh his own.

Then come various little points of temperament, some slight, but together strong. Among these poor people, Synge came back to a principle that school and Dublin and the rest had hidden from him — a principle that often stands in the way of our understanding Irish plays and others more exotic to us.

In the society in which we live, one of the strongest unwritten principles, fostered chiefly in our public schools, is that, before one speaks, one must establish a right to speak. The mere fact of one's existence in itself confers no right to speak. One must wait until, by some achievement, or by mere seniority in some branch of society, one has so far impressed public opinion as to be allowed the utterance of a point of view of one's own.

Now among the country folk in Ireland this is not so. A person, the moment he enters a room, is by the mere fact of his existence entitled to his point of view; and his utterance of it is accorded as much consideration as the utterance of those who have long sat in the chimney corner. The result is in Ireland a readiness of personal sympathy that may not indeed spring from any reality of deep feeling, but is a part of the peasant's everyday manners, even as indiscriminate hospitality and charity are a part.

This was a great gain to Synge, by nature the most gentle, friendly, and personally tolerant of men; and with what ready response must he not have adopted a speech so deeply imbued with this sense of human kindness that one's possessions are habitually spoken of as one's 'share' of the world's goods. 'We have a good share of butter, thanks be to God.' A trifle, perhaps, you may think; but every gesture comes from something within.

Happily, also, the actual fashion of the people's speech was one especially suited to Synge's genius. When full allowance has been made for variation of dialect between Aran and Wicklow, it is true that generally the speech has a wonderful richness of vocabulary, and a rhythm that Synge had to alter but little in order to gain his effects.

It can be lyrically discursive, or terse to the point of brutality. It has a flexibility that no English dialect can approach, and its conciseness and power of emphasis offered ready-made that Tacitean brevity which Synge's language takes at moments of crisis. For example, it freely omits the relative: 'There is a man above does be walking the hills'; 'The man I had a love for — a great rascal would kick me in the gutter.' It uses the direct for the indirect form of question: 'Ask him has he seen her?' and it has a wealth of vivid expressions and greater possibility in the order of words than the English of conventional speech.

For the best example of its idiom in a small compass, let the reader turn to the translations, and read that from Villon entitled, 'A Prayer of the Old Woman, Villon's Mother,' beginning:—

> Mother of Jesus . . . let you say to your own Son that He 'd have a right to forgive my share of sins, when it 's the like He 's done, many 's the time, for great and famous sinners. . . .

There are just one or two more small points worth considering before we

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come to the plays. In the same volume as the last piece, turn to the Poems and read 'Danny.' Not a great poem, perhaps, though it has a vitality which will not let one forget it; but there are in it one or two touches deeply characteristic of Synge that are important to remember in approaching his work. I mean the lines: —

And not a hare in sight,

which has an effect almost impossible of analysis here, and

Some stole his purse and timber pipe. . . .

This line touches an emotion we have most of us lost, an emotion known only to the very poor and to children — the sense of few possessions. In a multiplicity of goods, however small their value, we do not feel this sense. Though we lose one, we have so many left that we cannot appreciate the lost; but the child with three toys, or the poor man with a clasp knife and a medal, knows the bitterness of being deprived of what little goods he has. The only touch of pathos in this poem is the despoiling of the corpse of its treasures — the old greasy leather purse, the timber pipe.

It would be perhaps ideal if the student of Synge, before entering upon the plays, were to read the note books in which the germs of the plays are to be found in anecdote and daily incident; but this is too much to expect. At any rate, no one can know Synge who has not read and reread these marvelous records of his life among the folk in Wicklow and the South and West. They are among one's permanent books, to be taken down regularly from time to time, books of which there is no end.

Although there has been some argument as to the chronology of the plays, we have good reasons for supposing *In the Shadow of the Glen* to be the first. This reveals Synge at once as certain of his touch and his method; in fact, his handling is maybe surer in this play than in any other. It gives an immediate insight into his peculiar power and his achievement, so we may speak of them at once.

The outstanding quality of Synge's work is its intensity. The characters in his plays, during the short while they are before us, make the supreme gesture of their lives. They are their own epitome. All their past life, everything that has happened to them, but leads up to the time we see them, when in a few significant words and actions they reach their consummation. Now we know all about them that there is to know: and there is no future action of theirs that will not be a feeble echo of this action, or one that we can easily foresee.

This intensity is reached more by habit of mind than by deliberate art of pen. A life of intellectual isolation among the peasantry, and of long vigils in the Wicklow Hills, sharpened Synge's genius to that acuteness of perception which can grasp essentials immediately — which, in fact, sees nothing trival to be weeded out. His conciseness is not attained by critical erasion; his characters think as quickly as he does.

This play — a mood perfectly epitomized, its hero no living person, but the Glen — is throughout so closely woven that it is difficult to select any particular example of this quality. To anyone who will spend the necessary quarter of an hour in reading the whole, no such example will be necessary. Here, however, is one instance of the speed with which Synge's characters think.

The old man, who was 'letting on to be dead,' has awakened and caught his wife planning to marry a young herd, whom she has brought in as soon as the Tramp's plea for shelter gave her an

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opportunity to quit the cottage. He flings open the door and bids her walk out; then he turns to the Tramp . . . 'and let you go along with her, stranger, if it's raining itself, for it's too much talk you have surely.'

The Tramp turns to her and says: 'We'll be going now, lady of the house; the rain is falling, but the air is kind, and it'll be a grand morning, by the grace of God.'

Immediately, you see, the situation is accepted, and Nora, who three minutes ago was to wed the herd, is going off with the Tramp. As she goes she turns to her husband: 'You think it's a grand thing you're after doing, with your letting on to be dead, but what is it at all? . . . What is it you'll have now but a black life, Daniel Burke? And it's not long, I'm telling you, till you'll be lying again under that sheet, and you dead surely.'

She goes; and the man who has driven her out sits down with the man she was to marry, and they drink together.

Riders to the Sea is a Greek tragedy, and one of the strangest things about it is that, when it is perfectly acted, its preternatural intensity does not make it seem less real. Although on the smallest reflection we see that there has not been time for that to happen off the stage which is related upon it, yet, so surely is the atmosphere of a resistless fate suggested, that we accept and even anticipate such happenings. Synge makes credible an hour fuller, but in effect as short as Faust's last hour; and in his play we anticipate the stroke of time, whereas in Marlowe's it surprises us.

Even stronger than such kinship to the Greek drama as is immediately visible upon this play, are the little touches of naked candor we are used to in the Greek. Maurya, the old woman, when the last of her sons is dead, says: —

'They're all gone now, and there is n't anything more the sea can do to me. I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the South. . . . I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. . . . It's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely.'

This, and the first cry of the bereaved parent in the Greek play, 'I have none to feed me in mine age,' are in the same key, whose sound comes to us now a little strangely.

The Well of the Saints has been condemned as cynical; but a cynic would have written the first act only. Two blind and hideous beggars, man and wife, each believing the other to be beautiful, are healed of their blindness by a saint, and fight in the bitterness of disillusion. Slowly their sight fails them and, blind once more, they reject the saint's offer of a second and permanent healing. Cruelty, tenderness, mockery, passions base and noble; the arrogance of beauty, the coarser arrogance of strength, the holiness of the saint, admirable in itself but folly here; the humor of a sly mind that in a moment turns to spite — all are here in a unity in which the writer seems but to watch without censure or interference.

The Tinker's Wedding, an early play recast, is the slightest of Synge's plays, a comedy with little beyond merriment to touch the heart. One of the characters is disappointed, another has moments of vision, and a third is humiliated; but none will suffer. The disappointment will heal — is healed almost before the play is done: the visionary can always lose her sorrow in a pint; and no one is left to remind the priest of a humiliation his complacency will soon forget. There is a hint of the drinking-scene in *Twelfth Night*, but none if its underlying sorrow and exaltation.

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Synge's masterpiece, *The Playboy of the Western World*, seems likely to arouse controversy for a long time to come. It is remarkable to what bitter rage this play still stirs men whom one would think untouched by it, save on the ground of common humanity: for it is a satire on the human race. Riots abound where'er it goes; yet people do not commonly riot because the human race has been satirized.

In this play a cowardly young man, goaded to desperate action, runs away, tells a lie, and finds his pride; is exposed and disgraced, and finds the courage of his true self. '. . . Ten thousand blessings upon all that's here, for you've turned me a likely gaffer in the end of all, the way I'll go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the Judgment Day.'

He is a poet dazed with the shock of realizing action — finding himself a hero in a world of actual muscular life he had scarcely dared to imagine.

The characters in the background are as rich and varied as in any English play outside Shakespeare. Never, indeed, since his time has such a play been written in our language. Synge's was a narrow genius, but in him there was more of Shakespeare than any man has had since. Wisely he did not attempt what lay beyond his power; and it may be said of him in all seriousness, that with everything in his favor, a living speech and a rich turbulent life around him, in the calm of his maturer years he gave us scenes which are true descendants of the tavern scenes in *Henry IV* — the carters rising in the dawn, and the two old men in the garden, talking of Jane Nightwork and the years that are over: '. . . We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow. . . .'

The speech of Michael James, the publican, in blessing over the Playboy and Pegeen, the love scene, and the Playboy's account of his deed, are of the great literature. This is a great play.

Last comes the tragedy Synge never finished. As it stands, it is little more than a lyric. He had intended to add to the love story of Deirdre and Naisi a strong underplot of the grotesque and supernatural, and so acutely did he feel this lack, that shortly before his death he bade his two friends add some such element to the play; but, as the only thing he could then suggest was some business concerning the character Owen and a knife, they thought it best after his death to leave his work untouched. As it stands, we have a rough version of two acts, and a finished third, containing scenes and speeches of deep beauty. 'Every true tragedy,' said Lady Gregory, 'must be a joy to him who dies'; and Deirdre goes to her death exulting, leaving behind an aged baffled king, a nurse who has outlived her nurseling, and the ruins of a palace smoking to a bitter sky.

In Ireland it is common, among other abuse, to call Synge an atheist; but the only god he ever mocked was the partisan god who makes the enemies of his worshiper their footstool. Read 'The Curse,' a little poem invoking vengeance on the sister of an enemy of the author's, who disapproved of *The Playboy*, ending thus: —

> Lord, this judgment quickly bring,
> And I 'm your servant, J. M. Synge.

Nor was Synge a pessimist. A man as he was, seeing good and kindness everywhere, and sorrowing for evil, is not a pessimist. Synge laughs at evil, but gently; at hypocrisy, but gently. Evil is round us, and the children of men are often unhappy, but there is enough of good in us to promise better days: —

> The rain is falling, but the air is kind.

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MY LITTLE VISITOR FROM MOSCOW

BY 'ZRITEL'

From *Volia Rossii, July 3*
(PRAGUE CONSERVATIVE-SOCIALIST WEEKLY)

A LITTLE visitor, just arrived in Prague from Russia, is walking up and down my study. He is eight, but the unnaturally mature expression of his face makes him look much older. His hair is long; there has been no chance to have it cut for a long time. His patched trousers reach to his shoes — enormous shoes he must have gotten from a much older person.

'Why do you have such a big rug in your room? You did not sell it!'

I explain to him that I brought the rug from Russia before the war, only to receive the answer: 'You know, you could exchange it for a mighty big lot of bread! And all your books are in bookcases! Why don't you put the books on the shelves and sell the bookcases? You know, we have sold all our wardrobes and bookcases, and we burned an old one in the stove when it was very cold.'

The next moment I hear a frightened exclamation. The boy is standing near my desk, looking with consternation at an empty shell, a war souvenir that I use as a paper weight. 'What — what — what is this? Don't you know that — you cannot have it! You will get arrested for that, you will be — they will — Why did n't you hide it?'

I explain to him why I do not need to hide it; but I cannot make him feel safe.

'What is this?' he asks next with great curiosity, looking into a little box where I keep a small collection of coins.

'That is money.'

'Money? How can that be money?' And he looks at me in great bewilderment.

'Why, yes, this is money. Don't you see, here is a Russian ruble, here are twenty kopecks, here is a five-kopeck piece — a very old one, two hundred years old.'

But he cannot understand and says, still with an amazed look in his eyes: 'But these are iron. How can money be this way? Money is made of paper!'

I try to explain it to him, but I can see that he is still in doubt. This reminds me of another small Russian refugee whom I could hardly persuade that an orange was not a play-ball but was good to eat; still another was mortally afraid to taste such a strange-looking thing as a piece of pastry. These children never saw such things in their lives. When they first sat down to dinner with me and the maid served a plate of soup to each person, one of the boys asked his mother with mistrust: 'What will they do now?' He could not understand, because back home, in Russia, they had but one plate left, from which all ate together.

'And do you also have books for children?' my little visitor asks; and the next moment he starts reading: '*Hauff's Wonder-Tales, Tales of the Old Cat,*' and suddenly he exclaims: 'You have *Robinson Crusoe,* too! This is my favorite book. And what a great mess happened at home because of my *Robinson!* I 'm going to tell you about it.

'We had a perquisition at our house. They locked up part of the house and

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put a red seal on the door. We all remained in two rooms; my big brother was arrested and Papa "conspirated himself."' (The child uses the word that has become common now for going into hiding.) 'We lived this way a very long time, and I did n't like it; and my *Robinson* was locked up in the other room. I wanted to read it, so badly; I had n't read it for a long time. And — well — when old Nurse went out one time I went straight to the door with the red seal and — cut it off. I got my *Robinson* and locked the door again. And nothing would ever have happened. Only one time Nurse looked at the door and saw the seal hanging loose.

'"Who did that? How did that happen?" There was an awful mess. She was crying and saying: "What will happen to us now!" But I told her that I did it and that nothing would happen. Then she got up quick, dressed herself, and went out. When she came back she carried a needle and a hemp thread. She darned together the ends of the cord that I had cut, and said: "Don't you breathe a word about this!" She said that because Papa always says I talk so much.

'Then, one day, the Red Guards came again — a new search. They were asking about Papa and I wanted to tell them that Papa had "conspirated himself," but Mamma and Nurse told me, in a very, very low voice, "Keep still!" And they began to tell the Red Guards something about Papa which I could not understand, because the things they were telling never happened.

'"Just the same," they said, "we must search you."

'They looked at the door where the seal was . . . and they had n't noticed anything! I began to laugh and one of them — he must be a Red Guard general, so wicked and fierce — began to shout at me. I wanted to cry, at first, but then I said to myself, No, and No, I won't!

'They began to search everything. They kept digging and digging, but I hid my *Robinson* under my coat so they could n't find it, and stood in a corner. And they were looking and looking for something, all the time. I wished to ask them what they wanted, but then I thought: Let them find it for themselves. I won't help them! Why did they rush in like detectives or something?

'Then I looked at Nurse: she was winking and winking at me, more and more all the time. Why was she winking? And I asked her: "Why do you wink at me, Nurse?"

'What a frightful noise started! They all began to shout at Nurse, and then they grabbed me and began to undress me. At first I thought I was frightened, but then I really was not scared at all. And all of a sudden — they found my *Robinson!* What a great disturbance! They shook it, they turned every page, they tore the cover off — My poor, poor *Robinson!* They broke the cover in tiny pieces; and all the time they were scolding and shouting at Nurse and at Mamma. . . . Then they shouted at me: "Dress yourself, you bourjooy child, you!" At that time, I did not know what "bourjooy" meant and I thought they said something very bad. I felt so sore. But I did n't cry, just the same. You know, even now I don't understand quite well what "bourjooy" means. I know "boer," but I can't imagine what "jooy" is.

'They stayed a long time and kept fussing and searching everywhere, only I don't remember all they did; Mamma and Nurse were crying all the time. Then the Guards went and left one soldier to watch us. He sat at our door with a gun and a revolver and would let nobody in. Mamma and Nurse pre-

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pared tea, got some bread and a bottle, and served him tea. He drank and drank, very many glasses, so that we did n't have enough sugar to put some in every glass he drank. We went to bed, but he kept sitting there. The next day another soldier came to take his place, then again a new one. We had young soldiers and old soldiers, and all of them had guns and revolvers. I love guns and revolvers! You know, I can play soldier very well. Let's play soldier, will you?'

'All right; but first tell me what happened.'

'Well, they kept watching us; and every day there was a new Red Guard. I talked with them about war, but they could not tell me about war because they never went to war. They used to say bad things about war; but I told them that war was the finest thing in the world and that I should be a commander when I grew up. I asked them to show me their guns, but they would n't. Only once there was a very good Red Guard at our house. He showed me his rifle and even allowed me to hold it! I walked up and down the room with it and he laughed and said I could not lift it up. Mamma and Nurse went out. And then I began to tease him.

'"You don't know something," I said, "you don't know — "

'"Yes," he said, "I know."

'"No," I said, "you don't!" And then I said: "You are waiting for Papa and you think he will come home sometime, but he is n't coming and you 'll never catch him. You are waiting here for nothing!"

'"Why is n't he coming?" the soldier asked.

'"Because he knows that he must n't."

'"How does he know?"

'"Because we have a sign. Only I can't tell that to anyone."

'"Go on, tell me."

'"Well, all right," I said, "I 'll tell you, but I will not tell anyone else, and you won't either. Do you promise? Upon your honor?"

'"I do."

'"Well," I said, "if there is a chalk mark on the outside door it means: You cannot come in. If it 's rubbed off that means it 's safe for everyone to come in."

'He began to laugh and said: "You big fool, oh, you big little fool, you!"

'Again he gave me his rifle and I walked with it. Then I said: "There is something else you don't know!"

'And he started asking me, "What is it? What is it?" and I could n't get rid of him. Then I told him: "The seal on our door is mended together!" And I went on telling him that he should n't get scared because the seal was a mended one, for it was I who had cut it, and I did it to get my *Robinson*.

'"What *Robinson?*" he asked.

'"This one," I said; and I brought him my dear *Robinson*. I showed him the pictures and told him how Robinson lived, and that when I grew up I should also be Robinson at first, and afterward a general. The Red Guard listened all the time and then began asking where Robinson lived; in what country that island was where he lived; I think he wanted to go there himself. And he asked if Robinson had a wife, and how many children he had. I told him Robinson had no wife and no children, but lived all alone. In this way we spent the evening together until Mamma and Nurse came back and gave us tea. When he went away, I told him that when I was a Robinson I would take him along as my Man Friday.

'After that other Red Guards used to come to watch us; but after a few more days no one came any longer, and Papa

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was able to visit us for an hour a day. So everything ended all right, and I had walked around with a real army rifle!'

The boy's chatter begins to lag, but he still insists upon inspecting my shelves and looking over the books. 'I love books very much,' he says, 'and I like a place where there are many, many books!' He folds his little hands behind his back and gravely walks up and down the room, looking down at his enormous shoes. Then he suddenly runs out into the next room.

At tea I did not ask him further questions. There was conversation about Russia, of course. Most people who come from Russia can be roughly classified into three main groups: those who complain of the intolerable conditions of life and curse things there; those who keep silent, as if still stunned by what they have lived through; and those who talk incessantly of plans for delivering Russia from the Bolsheviki.

The father of the little boy belonged to the third group; and I believe the child inherited from him his fondness for talking. When the father started to describe the deterioration of the schools in Russia, the son interrupted him very resolutely: 'No, Papa, our school was very nice. We never had any lessons to study and every day we got gruel and tea. Once they gave us tea with jam. Please, give me some more jam,' he interrupted himself, holding out his saucer. He got more jam and began to eat it without bread or tea.

'And then,' he continued, 'there were very good boys and girls in our school. One little girl, Sonia, and myself used to "lie in ambush" every day under the main stairs of our house. Her brother was with us too — he was our head-yardman formerly — and we would start to hiss and howl as soon as anybody went up or down. We would keep howling and hissing and people would get awfully scared. And one time — But I must n't tell about that —' And he busied himself spreading butter on his bread.

The father began to tell how he trembled for his family during the whole period of his arrest.

'And I was n't afraid at all,' said the youngster. 'I am really afraid of nothing! I am not even afraid of Lenin. When they had Papa arrested I really and truly wanted to go to see Lenin and tell him: "If you don't set Papa free I shall go and tell the Tcheka on you. Let them arrest you!" But Mamma did not let me go. I am only afraid of automobiles. They go so fast, like mad. I cannot see them because I have my father's cap — it 's big and covers my eyes. And the automobiles never signal except when they are real close — I know they won't run over me, but I am afraid —'

Our general conversation continued. The boy listened intently, and finally began to whisper to his father. The father burst out laughing.

'Did you tell that to our host?' he asked the boy.

'No,' the little fellow replied bashfully. And then, with a little more courage: 'I think he is willing, though.'

'He wants you to keep him,' the father said to me. 'But then,' he added, turning to the boy, 'how could we manage it? You know you are registered as my son.'

The little boy never hesitated. 'You 'll exchange me, Papa,' he said, 'for bread or for a rug — '

When the general laughter subsided, I told him that I was perfectly willing to 'buy' him. He smiled broadly, his eyes sparkled, and he began to wiggle on his chair impatiently. When they were going home, he once again opened the door from the hall into the study

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and once more looked over the room that he liked so well.

The next evening the dog barked in the yard and I understood that someone was coming. There was a low knock at the door. I opened. There stood little Vasia, his big cap over his eyes and the same enormous shoes on his feet. He had a knapsack over his shoulder, which seemingly contained boxes or books. He lifted his head very high, so as to be able to see from under his cap, and looked at me with shining eyes and a bright smile.

'What is it?' I asked him.

'But you — You bought me, did n't you?' said the child.

RESURRECTED POMPEII

BY DR. HANS BARTH

From the *Berliner Tageblatt, July* 15, *August* 1
(RADICAL-LIBERAL DAILY)

A BLAZING sun glares in the deep-blue heaven. The dead city lies silent in its eternal slumber. Just a suggestion of vapor rises from the neighboring mountain that reposes indolently and peacefully above us, as if it never had suddenly turned into a beast of prey and, more than eighteen centuries ago, devoured the tempting booty that lay at its feet. An indefinable spirit of yearning and melancholy seems to whisper from the oleander trees Horace's lament at the flight of time: *Eheu fugaces . . . Postume, Postume.*

We heard little of Pompeii during the war, although work continued there despite hostilities. But now the ruins are again receiving their due of human interest and attention. The new excavations extend some five hundred yards along the old Via Abundantia in the direction of Porta Urbulana, beginning at the residence of Epidius Rufus. A high board-fence divides this new district from the old. The portion cleared along this winding suburban road extends but a little way back from the old street line. The first object of the directors of the work has been to expose the façades of the buildings in order to get a general view of the street. Only when there was a promise of discoveries of exceptional interest have they dug beyond a façade and removed the ashes from the interior.

A glance along the Via Abundantia produces a very different impression from that given by streets previously excavated. It reveals, what we lacked hitherto, upper stories with lofty windows, and carefully restored tile-roofs with balconies and pillared terraces that almost suggest the paintings of Leonardo. An interesting building stands almost at the beginning of the new excavation. It is a citizen's residence that was undergoing repairs when the catastrophe occurred. The rooms are only partly decorated. In one chamber the frieze has been completed, in others only the decorations in lower walls. The workmen or artists,

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surprised at their labor, left their tools and materials in the courtyard. The prettiest thing in the building is a niche-like sanctuary decorated in blue with figures in white relief. These portray episodes from the Trojan War — a very popular subject in Pompeii. The next house contains a large establishment for fulling cloth, with all its apparatus preserved. We found a system of fulling troughs, and a red impluvium with statues of the gods. In the richly decorated atrium are presses for finishing woollen fabrics, and other utensils used in the trade. Everywhere the walls are decorated with those charming, graceful figures which are so characteristic of Pompeii. Where would you find a woollen mill to-day in which the proprietor and his employees work in such artistic surroundings? To the rear is a kitchen with bronze cooking utensils, and the charred remains of a good-sized joint of mutton. On the second story is an airy porch for drying cloth.

Evidently the employees in this establishment were also politicians: there is an inscription on the outer wall declaring that 'all the workers in the trade' will vote for a certain Holconium, *J. Holconium . . . fullones universi rogant.* There was evidently a young lady among the latter, who enjoyed some distinction in their company; the name *Cuculla* occurs several times.

Next to these fulling works stood the house of a certain Ingenuus who lived in the first story; he probably enjoyed an independent income and had no special business. Next beyond was a fruit store decorated with Bacchic symbols, masks, goblets, and Medusa heads, painted in gold upon a red background. It belonged to a certain Pomarius Felix, and he was evidently pestered by lawless or untidy people of the quarter, for he had his wall decorated with paintings of big snakes, according to the proverb: *Pinge duos angues, sacer est locus* (Paint two serpents, the place is sacred).

On the other side of the street the façade of a large warehouse belonging to Marcus Cæcilius Verecundus, cloth dealer, has been cleared. This man was a citizen of some prominence, whose name appears elsewhere in the city. The whole façade is covered with brilliant paintings. These are not masterpieces, any more than the other frescoes of Pompeii, but they throw much light upon the manners and morals of their day. The topmost figure is Mercury, just leaving a little temple with a purse in his hand. He wears broad yellow breeches and has ox-like eyes that give him a fixed, staring expression. He is evidently the patron god of Mr. Verecundus.

On one side of the portal is a picture of a ship drawn by elephants and steered by a Pompeian Venus wearing a blue mantle and a golden crown. On the left are Cupids and the goddesses of Abundance and Fortune. Below is a fresco frieze showing red-headed, scantily clad laborers and clerks at their work, as well as their employer, Verecundus, holding a carpet in his outstretched arms. Near him is his wife, who also works in the shop. She stands beyond a table filled with slippers, sandals, gloves, and little packages, haggling with a customer wearing a blue cloak, who sits upon a neighboring bench. Evidently he is trying to beat down prices; she has lifted her eyes to heaven in indignant protest, and is waving her hands in the air just as a market woman in Southern Italy would do to-day. A flask of wine stands handy as a consoler.

Next comes a house with Venus and the four gods. Over the entrance is a frieze with medallions of Jupiter, Saturn, Mercury, and Diana. Below them files a picturesque procession: a

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Pompeiian Venus in a red robe, seated upon a green throne and surrounded by musicians and priests and priestesses carrying incense. Before the goddess is an altar with a glowing fire and a many-armed golden candlestick. In a corner is an admirable marble head of a bearded Bacchus set in a fresco. Beyond is the boiler of a dye-house, projecting slightly into the street. Into the walls of a structure farther on is built an altar with the portraits and names of the four ward supervisors, the so-called *vici magistri* — Successus, Victor, Asklepiades, and Constans.

Lararia and tabernæ enliven the district beyond. Just as we are greeted everywhere in Italy to-day by Madonnas and figures of the saints, so in this ancient Roman town images of the Lares or household gods salute us constantly from the house walls. Both the Lares and the shopkeepers are represented as Bacchic characters. They have bright red hair, encircled with green wreaths, and wear yellow coats — genial deities attending serpent-entwined altars and lifting on high foaming beakers of wine. In one fresco these merry creatures are holding above their heads a great horn from which the red wine pours in a full stream into cups below. Under this a worshiper of the divinity had written: *Per Lares Sanctissimos rogo te ut* . . . (I beg thee by the all holy Lares . . .) The rest is undecipherable.

Then follow taverns or refreshment stalls. Most of them are counter-like bars of bright marble where patrons were served directly on the street. Capacious earthernware jars are set into the marble top to hold the liquors. Few of the establishments had sitting accommodations. Those were provided in the Anima bar near the House of the Twelve Gods; and doubtless the priests of the ward, Successus, Victor, Asklepiades, and Constans, dropped in there for their evening dram. Punch was also served, — a warm wine or something of the kind, — for a kettle in one of these places was still two fifths full of liquid when first uncovered; and since the building was buried deep under the ashes, it could hardly have got there after the disaster. These places also possess a great number of well-preserved containers of various forms: jars shaped like foxes, hens, and the like.

Many private homes are interspersed with these other buildings. On the left is a little mansion with a high, pillared terrace. It was the residence of Priest Amandus, and bears the inscription: *Amandus Sacerdos* . . . *rogat.* Another residence has two large doors with a shop between. Here we come upon two frescoes: Romulus, laden with the spoils of war, and Æneas bearing Anchises on his shoulders.

The villa of the Ædile or Duumvir, Aulus Trebius Valens, is particularly interesting. The entire front is covered with election posters, theatre announcements, and other advertisements. Not only men, but also women appeal for votes for their favorite candidates. We can read also, in a clear, fair hand, an announcement in red letters of the next gladiatorial games, to which the public is urgently invited. Thirty pairs of gladiators from the school of Valens Senior and twenty pairs from the school of Valens Junior are to appear. Other sports are to be held at Puteoli at the cost of the Emperor: *muneribus Augustorum.* It is regularly stated that there will be also fights with wild animals, as well as athletic sports, and that awnings will be provided: *Venatio. Athletae. Vela erunt.*

One of the poster-writers (*scriptores*) has smuggled in a joke of his own: *Lanternarii, tene scalam!* (Lantern men, hold the ladders steady!) More sentimental

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inscriptions also occur. A Marcellus laments: *Marcellus amat Prænestinam, sed non curatur* (Marcellus loves Prænestina but she does not care for him); or *Hic fuimus cari duo nos sine fine sodales. Nomina sunt . . .* (We, two friends for eternity, tarried here. Our names are . . .) Inside the house are evidences of well-to-do comfort. The chambers have handsome frescoes, and on the wall of the atrium we find a reckoning, consisting merely of X's or Roman tens. In the house of Trebius, almost adjacent, is a lofty salle d'armes adorned with military and naval trophies, like a modern gymnasium. There are white paintings on bright red surfaces — goddesses, victors, guardian spirits, with gladiatorial weapons, candelabra, and Roman eagles.

Next comes the residence of Hymenæus the Moralist. I should call him the Pharisee, if that did not sound so absurd of Græco-Roman Pompeii. This house has been fully excavated. Its modest façade gave no suggestion of what was behind. On the ground floor are an entrance-hall, a dining-room, and other apartments. In the dining-room is a stone table with couches for the diners, where official guests presumably conducted themselves becomingly, and there were none of the wild revels that Petronius relates of Trimalchio's boon companions. For the master of the house, Hymenæus, was a stickler for morals and respectability, as the stern maxims on the walls record: *Lascivos voltus et blandos aufer ocellos — Conjuge ab alterius, sit tibi in ore pudor!* (Do not pay court to other men's wives!) A second maxim warns against strife and controversy; a third counsels cleanliness in both person and conduct.

However, Hymenæus had another apartment where he received his more intimate friends. This was on the second floor, and consisted of a gorgeous sun parlor with a dumb-waiter from the kitchen. This room, beautifully decorated in gold and red, betrays an atmosphere quite different from that of the moralist's sedate dining-room below. For instance, there is a picture of a sleeping Ariadne with a satyr and a little Cupid stealing her robe.

Evidently the pious hypocrite stood in none too good repute with his neighbors, for he found it advisable to print in big, fat letters on the front of his villa: *Cacator, cave malum, aut, si contempseris, habeas Jovem iratum;* and down the long side-wall of the building there is repeated again, in giant letters: *Cacator, cave malum, cacator, cave malum,* suggesting that Pompeiians took particular pleasure in bestowing their insults upon the villa of Hymenæus.

Opposite this residence are several houses of great interest for the social history of the time. These include the residence of a goldsmith, Cerealis. It contains a sleeping-room with a bed and some magnificent frescoes, and a subterranean vaulted chamber richly decorated and possibly used for certain mystic rites. There is also a suite of apartments of different sizes, lighted from above. In the nighttime two of the rooms were lighted by lamps set into the partition between them. In the richly furnished vaulted chamber five corpses were found — unfortunates who delayed flight too long when the catastrophe came. Their postures betrayed their intense terror. Two young girls were wrapped in each other's arms. And the perfectly preserved features of a young man, with thimbles on his fingers, likewise recall the tragedy as vividly as if it occurred but yesterday.

The wealthiest resident along the street, so far as it has been excavated, was a certain Messius, whose mansion is of almost imperial extent and sumptuousness. It contains a great number

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of brightly decorated sleeping-chambers, besides many roomy apartments adorned with frescoes in gold and red, mostly representing scenes from mythology and the Trojan War. In one room, called the yellow chamber, are the portraits of four young ladies, presumably the daughters of Messius. One girl, with large, oriental eyes, wears earrings and a green robe.

However, the finest thing in this gentleman's picture-gallery is just under the portico leading into the garden, where there was a mosaic fountain surrounded by statues and a pergola. On the right and left are pictures of Narcissus gazing into the water, and of the touching tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe. The colors are as fresh as if they were painted yesterday. Below is written proudly: *Lucius pinxit.* A little beyond, one descends to a peristyle adorned with little shrines and reaches another nymphæum adorned with frescoes of Artemis and Aktæon. It has taken almost two years to excavate this building.

Mr. Messius lived in a rather odd neighborhood. Diagonally across dwelt the old hypocrite Hymenæus, who probably hung about his windows spying on Messius's pretty daughters. If we may judge from a large laurel crown painted over the door, a poet-laureate resided on his right; and directly adjacent to the entrance of his sumptuous home was a drinking-shop built into the mansion itself. There, if we may judge by the graffiti, the best of order was not always maintained.

ALI BABA

BY HENRI BARBUSSE

The following story is one of the earlier works of this distinguished French writer.]

From *Pester Lloyd, July 27*
(German-Hungarian Daily)

The whole family was busied, with eager and touching zeal, on the toilette of Ali Baba, who was to be exhibited at the dog show at nine o'clock.

The gigantic Saint Bernard stood motionless upon his massive legs and let himself be combed and fondled by half a dozen tender hands. His jet black eyes rolled in the ruby rings that encircled them. Only rarely would he even bend his great rugged head to one side, and shake slightly his woolly, freshly washed coat. In the humble flat of the government clerk who was his owner, he looked like a rich and courted relative wearing a costly new fur wrap and much out of place in his modest surroundings.

At last the whole family set forth. The father led the procession down the tenement stairs; next came the mother, whose chubby tender countenance seemed always hovering between smiles and tears; then Ali Baba stalked down the footworn steps with monumental composure, as if he were descending

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Mont Blanc; and last of all trotted Louis and Antoinette, who tried to assume a dignified pose, in spite of their short legs, and to hold their heads stiff and erect. The giant dog, whose back reached almost to the height of his little friends, aroused admiration and wonder on the streets. Passers-by would stop and make remarks to each other, pleasant or otherwise, according to their breeding. Louis whispered: 'They are talking about us.'

Ali Baba was the success of the dog show; and this well compensated the family for all their sacrifices in his behalf. The four-legged giant had become the centre of their family circle. He was, to be sure, a rather unexpected blessing. When the father had brought home one evening a dirty, wriggling ball of wool that he had picked up in the gutter, no one could have imagined it would grow into a great, magnificent animal like Ali Baba. The whole family took the little thing to their hearts at once. At first they petted and loved him, as they would a helpless infant; later, as if he were a brother. They told him a hundred times a day how much they loved him; and he listened with an understanding glance. They put their arms around his neck, whenever they wished to attract his notice, and he reciprocated a hundredfold their affection. How many kisses had the children implanted upon his glorious coat of snow and gold!

During the past year or more, however, the family had to put up with constant discomforts, and to make many sacrifices, in order to keep their immense pet in their little tenement. The tiny flat seemed as inadequate for him as a glass hotbed might be for some gigantic tropical plant. Although M. Langlé's salary had recently been raised, there was less left over for the family than before, as Ali Baba grew and grew.

But what did that matter? The dog was not only the joy of the family, but its pride, its distinction — something that made its members different from other people, and lifted them above their humble neighbors.

At the dog show, where his great head towered like that of an innocent prisoner behind the iron bars of his cage, Ali Baba was the centre of attraction. Father Langlé had a season ticket and attended every day. Each night he brought home new reports of the Saint Bernard's success. Visitors stood in crowds in front of number 681. An attendant, a man with the insignia of distinguished military service, prophesied, almost promised, that he would win first prize in his class.

On the third day the father did not get home until nearly eight o'clock at night. His face was red with excitement; he exclaimed as soon as he entered: 'I have come in from the country.'

Three mouths opened with astonishment. Catching his breath, he continued: 'M. Tardieu, the great dog-fancier, wanted to buy Ali Baba. Naturally I refused, although he pointed out to me that the dog would be much better off in his kennels than in our fifth-story flat. To make it short — when he saw that I would not part with him for money, do you know what he offered me? A little furnished country-cottage with a garden at St. Mauer on the Seine. I did not want to accept it, but all the gentlemen present urged me strongly to do so. Beautiful as the animal is, they said, it is not a miracle. I have been out to look at the house — our house!'

All three trembled with emotion. Finally Madame Langlé found breath to say: 'And he?'

'We shall be able to visit him as often as we want to. He will stay for some time in Paris before he goes to

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Switzerland. Children, we own a place of our own; Sunday we move to St. Mauer.'

A house all their own, fully furnished, with flowers around it! It was too marvelous a stroke of luck not to turn the heads of these poor people. They laughed, rejoiced, and clapped their hands over the thought of this unexpected bit of paradise that had fallen suddenly into their laps.

Saturday evening, after the contract was signed and the house with its furniture and trees really belonged to them, they began to breathe again. A great solemn silence filled their humble flat. Then Louis's trembling voice broke the silence: 'Ali Baba?'

'We have a house of our own,' replied Antoinette.

Until then they could talk only of the house. Sunday they went out. It was charmingly situated in a big meadow, from which it was separated by a low hedge with a picket-gate. They were more than delighted — they were intoxicated — with this fairy-like little oasis. At six o'clock the sun sank, bidding them farewell like a princess, after having shown them around their little estate. Twilight strewed her delicate dark flowers over the countryside. The children stood hand in hand, and felt for a moment as if they were lost in some vast emptiness, left by the absence of their big playmate.

'What's he doing now?' asked Antoinette.

'He is homesick,' said Louis; and he looked down despondently into his empty hands.

'Just see here,' said the father. 'Here is a pump. Do you see the little handle? That hole there is for the water to run away.'

In the distance a dog was barking. They were suddenly silent, all thinking of the same thing. Then they continued their tour of exploration, but less eagerly than a moment before.

The father coughed and said: 'He will be very happy with the great dog-fancier and with lots of other dogs for company. It's great luck for him, the old boy; he will have men to look after him, and a regular doctor to see after his health.'

'Yes,' said the mother, 'but he is not with us.'

'We must n't be selfish,' reproved the father, adding quickly: 'We must think of the future and of old age. Now we have a place of our own.'

'Yes,' replied the mother mechanically. She sat on a bench in the shade and listened in the way one does to the sympathetic condolences of a caller in a time of mourning.

'Yes,' added the little girl in a low voice. 'He is lucky — poor old Ali Baba.'

Tears rose to the mother's eyes, and in the simpleness of her heart she found the right word: 'It is as if he had died, and we had inherited his estate.'

Just then something heavy bounced against the picket-gate.

'There he is!' shouted Louis, joyfully.

And it was he, indeed. A great lion-like head appeared above the hedge.

All four stood up. They made an involuntary motion toward the gate, and then stopped and looked at each other in embarrassment.

'He has run away,' murmured the man, and his mouth quivered.

'Open the gate,' said the wife in a trembling voice.

Louis ran down the gravel walk. The others stood awkwardly like children caught in a piece of mischief. They felt as if they must conceal from the visitor what they had done; and they did not know how to do so.

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BEAVER

[*The game of Beaver here described has become so popular with British boys as to arouse violent protest in the press from unhappy beard-wearers in that country. The Sacramento incident is a British version of the movement in that city to commemorate the days of the Forty-Niners, by reverting to the facial decorations popular in California when barbers were paid on the same scale as gold-miners and safety razors were unknown.*]

From the *New Statesman, August* 12
(Liberal Labor Weekly)

Nothing could more effectively demonstrate the confused state of the civilized world at the present moment than the fact that while the inhabitants of England are playing (or supposed to be playing) Beaver, the male inhabitants of Sacramento were ordered a few months ago to grow beards on pain of being fined half-a-dollar a day. Thus are beards turned into sport in one patch of the planet while they are publicly reverenced in another. In this respect the people of Sacramento rather than the people of England are followers of the ancient tradition.

To play Beaver is to put oneself on a level with the children who cried, 'Go up, thou baldhead!' to Elisha, for to laugh at a superfluity of hairs on the chin is as bad as to laugh at the want of them on the top of the head. Apart from this, a nation that owes so much to the Old Testament should treat beards with respect. The Jew has always put beards in their right place, which is on human chins. To neglect the beard in Old Testament times was regarded as a sign of madness, and right through the centuries eminent Jews have held that to remove the beard was a sin, seeing that God originally gave man a beard in order to distinguish him from woman. Heretics again and again revolted in favor of the clip or the clean shave, but the cabalists returned to sanity with the proclamation that even to shorten the beard with scissors was a great sin; and it was said of their master, Isaac Luria, that so scrupulous was he in the care of his beard that he even kept his hands from it 'lest the contact should cause any hairs to drop from it.'

Judaism was again and again cloven asunder by the dispute about beards. One ribald anti-Beaver summed up the case against beards in the epigram: —

If men be judged wise by their beards and their girth,
Then goats were the wisest of creatures on earth.

The *Jewish Encyclopædia* tells us how, in the seventeenth century, the Jews in Germany and Italy began to circumvent the prohibition of shaving by 'removing the beard by means of pumice stone or chemical agents, which left the face smooth as if shaven.' Since that time the Jewish laity seem to have become more and more lax in the matter of growing beards. And we can hardly blame them if the Talmudical saying which suggests that you can tell a man's character by his beard is true. 'A thin-bearded man is cunning,' says the proverb, 'a thick-bearded one is a fool; but nobody can do any harm to a man with a parted beard.'

Christians, unfortunately, have been divided even more seriously than the Jews on the question of beards. It was 'one of the great subjects of reproach' on the part of the Greek Church, we are told, that the Romish clergy did not let

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their beards grow, though a leading theologian pointed out that it was absurd to get excited over a matter that had little to do with salvation and *barbae detonsio aut conservatio*.

Rome, however, was so vehemently opposed to the wearing of beards that in 1119 clergy who let their hair and beards grow were threatened with excommunication; while the mystically minded Durandus explained, according to the *Catholic Encyclopædia*, that 'length of hair is symbolical of the multitude of sins. Hence clerics are directed to shave their beards; for the cutting of the hair of the beard, which is said to be nourished by the superfluous humors of the stomach, denotes that we ought to cut away the vices of sins which are a superfluous growth in us. Hence we shave our beards that we may seem purified by innocence and humility, and that we may be like the angels who remain always in the bloom of youth.'

Even so, the instinct for growing beards remained so strong that several of the Popes themselves succumbed to it, and it was only as recently as 1865 that the Pope had to reprimand some of the clergy of Bavaria for attempting to reintroduce the fashion of wearing beards. The story that he rebuked them in the words, '*Non Beaveria sed Bavaria*,' is understood to be apocryphal.

England, above all other nations, should be slow to speak disrespectfully of beards. The greatest age of English history was an age of beards. In the spacious days of Elizabeth the beards were as spacious as the days. Shakespeare wore a beard, and, if he were alive to-day, undergraduates would be looking over his garden wall at Stratford and shouting 'Beaver!' Had not one of the Queen's agents abroad a beard five feet long? Yet so degenerate had England become by the end of the eighteenth century that Lord Rokeby's growing a beard was regarded as evidence that he was mad, and it was said that he was the only peer in the country who did not shave.

In the nineteenth century a revival of literature was followed by a revival of beards, and the reign of Queen Victoria was as prolific of bearded men of letters and bearded artists as the reign of Queen Elizabeth had been. It is strange that queens and beards should thus go together. Queen Anne alone seems to have ruled over men of genius who grew no beards. It would be worth some statistician's while to go through the great names of English literature and compare the amount of genius that has gone bearded with the amount of genius that has gone clean-shaven. The beardless, we fancy, would be in a numerical majority, but we can estimate the weight of genius on the other side when we remember that Chaucer, Shakespeare, Bacon, Spenser, Dickens, Carlyle, Ruskin, Browning, Tennyson, Swinburne, Meredith, Morris, and Mr. Shaw have all worn beards, while Matthew Arnold wore whiskers.

The great ages of prose are the ages in which men shave. The great ages of poetry are those in which they allow their beards to grow. Thus, as we should have expected, the lawyers, who are of all men the most prosaic, are the least given to wearing beards. It was even a rule of the society of Lincoln's Inn for a time in the sixteenth century that anyone who appeared at their mess wearing a beard should be fined and expelled. How many barristers are there to-day who would dare to assume either the prophet's or the poet's beard? One is amazed at the vanity of human beings who will thus expose their features to the general view when nature has provided so easy a means of disguising them. It is not even that they get any pleasure from shaving. There is no

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operation more tedious, quite apart from the danger of being infected with anthrax from the shaving-brush.

As for being shaved by a barber, that, too, has its perils. The present writer remembers being shaved during a thunderstorm by a little French barber who leaped three feet into the air at every flash of lightning, and brought the razor down on one's throat like a guillotine in his unsteady hand. On another occasion the barber was tipsy, and by the time he had covered all one side of one's face with dueling-marks one had to beg him to desist, and went out into the world shaven (more or less) on the right side of the face, and with a stubble of beard on the left.

It is strange what perils men will face merely in order not to look different from their neighbors, whom, Heaven knows, there is no reason why any sane man should wish to resemble. It may be that most men do not care how they look, so long as they do not look ridiculous, and their conception of looking ridiculous is that they should look different from everybody else. It is less than a century since an English printer was driven into writing a pamphlet in defense of his beard. The convention of one age is the laughing-stock of the next. In regard to shaving, the view of the conventionalists is that it does not much matter whether we shave or grow beards, provided we all shave or grow beards at the same time, and ninety-nine men out of a hundred are conventionalists.

Despite all the perils of the shaving-brush, and the still greater perils of the barber's shop, it seems to us likely that Englishmen will continue to shave till a queen sits on the throne again. They will shave in greater numbers than ever, as soon as the game of Beaver passes out of the comparatively narrow circle of University men and spreads to taxi-drivers, bus-conductors, and newsboys. Life will become intolerable for a bearded man when children rise up out of the pavement at every step and surround him with loud shouts of 'Beaver!' Anyone who has ever worn his hair half an inch longer than a Christian should must remember how even the emptiest street could echo, as with the horns of elfland faintly blowing, with the silver whistled notes that represent 'Get your hair cut!'

The English are supposed to be individualists, but they are not individualists when it comes to growing long hair or a beard. The universal whistling of 'Get your hair cut!' was one of the minor persecutions of the nineteenth century. You could enjoy being whistled at only if you had a taste for being a minor martyr. As a good many young men had, as a matter of fact, grown their hair long in a spirit of challenge, they did get some amusement when every passing bus-driver emitted a solemn and bourgeois whistle at them. Men do not, however, grow beards as a challenge. They grow them, as a rule, for purposes of concealment, and, when their efforts at concealment only serve to bring them into the limelight, they will be compelled either to emigrate to a free country or to retire into the obscurity of a clean shave.

It is to be hoped that some expert will leave for future generations a record of the rules of this amazing game of Beaver. It is played, we understand, by two persons, and the points are scored as in tennis. Whichever of the two first cries 'Beaver!' as a beard heaves into sight, scores. At sight of a white beard, one cries, 'Polar beaver!' which counts a game. At sight of a royal beard, the proper call is 'Royal beaver!' which counts, not only as game, but as set and match. There is a story — of course, untrue — of a Cambridge function at which, on the entrance of a royal figure wearing a beard,

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the entire audience of undergraduates rose to their feet with a shout of 'Royal beaver! Game, set, match!'

There are, we believe, still other variations of the game, and, no doubt, in time it will become as elaborate in its niceties as poker. Whatever its future, however, we feel sure that it will remain a purely English game. It is a game that could only be played by a race of men who could keep their faces straight. Foreigners are too excitable. They would come to blows. Beards would be plucked, and hair pulled in revenge. Englishmen can play the game, however, with calm faces and without moving a muscle even in a smile. The bearded man knows that he is under observation, but so guileless, so impassive, are the faces of those whom he meets that he never knows by whom he is being observed. He feels as if he were being shadowed by a secret society, so polite, so grave, is every face he sees. Beaver, indeed, is the most secret of games. So quietly is the whole thing done that thousands of Londoners have never once heard the cry of 'Beaver!' in a public place, though the game may be in progress all round them. It is said to be in full swing at Church Parade on Sundays, but, if you mix in the crowd at Church Parade, you will listen for even a whisper of the word in vain.

Elderly people say that it is a silly game, and that is true enough. On the other hand, it is a silly game in the English tradition of silliness. Swift and Harley, when driving out together, used to play a similar game with cats. The first of them who saw a cat and cried, 'There's a cat!' scored. It may be that all games are silly. But then, so are human beings. This does not happen to be the planet into which the wiser choose to be born.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

WINTER RUIN
(RUSSIA 1922)

BY ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

THE old blind house is folded deep in snow,
Its empty, burned-out eyes accuse the stars;
The fissures of old wounds, struck long ago,
Divide its crumbling face in tigered bars.

The deep drift-snow is tracked with many birds,
That come and seek in vain and come no more,
And here and there a print of wandering herds,
But never a human foot about the door.

And in the inner mystery, if shapes
Glimmer between the cobwebs and the rust,
Whether of ghost or bird, of men or apes —
No voice nor sound disturbs the obscure dust.

Sometimes, with stealthy foot, there glides a stone
And slides into the snow without a sound;
The naked sentinel trees that watch alone
Wait with blear eyes to see the cycle round:

Till the last boulder fall, and one last cry
Out of the dark into the dark be hurled:
They were before she was, and see her die —
So looks the House of Russia to the world.

THE PAUSE

BY EDGELL RICKWORD

[*Spectator*]

Votre âme est un paysage choisi.

ON this lawn's most secret shade
The maskèd Joys droop in their dance
As though the spirit of the maid
Wearied beneath the lute's light nonchalance.

Their arms gay gestures still intend,
Gently their voices lapse, and cold,
The cascades of the Moon descend
On silvery dancers with false cheeks of gold.

Discreetly mocking in the dusk
The masqueraders bow and twirl,
In quaint disguises harsh of musk
Among the fountains of your heart, sad girl.

I HAVE A SHIP OF THOUGHTS

BY E. W. JACOT

[*English Review*]

I HAVE a ship of thoughts
Which sailing goes
Past the fair summer lands,
Past the far snows.

Far beyond edge of day
Silently sails
My fair tall ship of thoughts
Unknown to gales.

Far beyond edge of day
In still lagoons
Anchors my ship of thoughts
Under strange moons.

So homeward bound again
Mayhap a star,
Caught in her tackle, will
Hang from a spar.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

CROCE ON IBSEN

BENEDETTO CROCE opens a study of Ibsen, in the August issue of the *London Mercury*, with the following statement: —

> All the heroes and heroines of Ibsen are held in bondage of expectancy — devoured by desire of the extraordinary, the intense, the sublime, the inconsequent; contemptuous of idyllic felicity in any form or shape, or of modest virtue contented with its surroundings.

The truth of this remark is vouched for by a number of citations from the plays, including *Hedda Gabler*, whose heroine despises domestic life and duty and revolts equally from the vulgarity of adultery, but is always seeking for some aspect of pure beauty. This same 'immutable yearning for the extraordinary and the sublime' is personified in Peer Gynt. And it is the germ of all Ibsen's tragedies. 'The impetus toward the extraordinary and the sublime never moves or has satisfaction save as autodestruction, that is to say, as tragedy.'

To refer again to Hedda Gabler, her desire for the beautiful is thwarted even in death. She slips from fault to fault until she 'learns she has done nothing save lead up to and provoke the most trivial and inæsthetic of deaths, a blow in the stomach at a prostitute's house.' And then, perceiving that her plots have been unmasked by another man, she kills herself.

> Thus is the expectation of the sublime ever deceived in both its forms, the satanic and the divine, sensual and ethical passions: in the first form because of offense against moral consciousness; in the second because this consciousness offends, or has offended, against itself.

This is admirable analysis, and five or six plays are cited in each instance to support the author's observations. The latter half of the article is more general; Ibsen's writings are described as

> Poetry of despair, if ever there were one — not from pessimism of a pleasure that wanes or of life that vanishes, but from pessimism of a consciousness of the impossibility for man ever to follow the path to which his own nature impels him or makes him wish to follow.

Further on, Croce makes this interesting observation: —

> His own moral personality never becomes dear and familiar to us, as happens in the case of many great poets, because he never comes down to our level. . . . He sees everything through glasses of peculiar tint, never through those pure crystalline or many-colored lenses used by ourselves and the rest of mankind.

But though Ibsen's outlook was always the same, his art ripened gradually into perfection.

> Certainly it was not until after 1875 that he forged a personal and original form for himself, notably in the *Doll's House* and in *Ghosts;* it perfects itself and becomes clearly individual after 1883, and in the *Wild Duck* and *Rosmersholm*, in my opinion his most perfect work. One might say that his mind at that time became entirely despairing and hopeless . . . still it is apparent that he gains greater mastery over his desperation and hopelessness, which signifies not so much a change of spirit as a greater profundity in art and clearer insight into the depths of his own feeling.

About Ibsen himself, Croce has two more interesting comments to make. 'Ibsen's creations say aloud to each other what we hardly ever dare to whisper to ourselves, and never bend

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an ear to listen.' This is a trait that we more commonly attribute to the Russians. Croce dismisses the idea of regarding Ibsen's plays as 'problem art,' saying that such a conception is due to the fact that they offer no answer to moral questions, as contrasted with the French thesis-comedies.

> Problems spring from the thinker, and no man was ever less a thinker than Ibsen, notwithstanding the richness of his observation and acute perception of the motion of the soul; and woe to him had he been such, for then the whole of his passionate world would have vanished before the breath of sober criticism. . . .

So powerful did this 'problem' theory become, that several Scandinavian families issued invitations on the corner of which was written, 'The *Doll's House* is not to be discussed.'

Croce regards Ibsen as a supreme artist of the drama. His plays, he says, were never doctrinal or critical treatises, 'for they were drama from the beginning, in their primordial cell — the profoundly and exclusively dramatic soul of the poet.' He sums up Ibsen as follows: —

> The true Ibsen is the Ibsen capable of representing everything in unison and fused together: the desire for the extraordinary, the sin which corrodes it, the renunciation, desolation, or death which awaits it; the whole represented in its own individual form.

✻

A WELSH MUSICAL CONTROVERSY

'If that cheap programme, that sobbing sentimentality, and that frequent flattening fairly represent Welsh musical taste of to-day, then God help Wales.' This cry rose from the throat of Mr. Percy A. Scholes, musical critic of the London *Observer*, after he had attended a concert of Welsh music; and his subsequent remarks in the same vein have perpetuated the controversy. He, together with some other Englishmen and a few Welshmen, accuse Wales of having a complacent, self-flattering attitude that is very harmful to the musical development of that country. The musical potentialities of Wales are notorious: Lloyd George himself has increased his ample fame by bawling out his native hymns with truly Celtic gusto. This noise must have deafened either English critics or Welsh songsters, so great is the divergence between them.

It is likely that the English are right, judging from two letters, both written by Welshmen, that Mr. Scholes quotes in his column. One praises him for his stand against Welsh musical fanaticism and wild, extravagant self-praise, saying that the music at the Eisteddfod and the Cymanfa Ganu, the two chief musical events, showed a marked decline from older standards. The other letter is worth quoting in part, so vigorously Biblical is the style and so superbly insolent is the author toward his opponents. He is speaking of adverse critics: —

> They are to be seen in public halls, and are known from their presuming bad manners; and the trash they write is in keeping with their lack of good breeding.
>
> May all they do and say be as futile as their merciless and inhuman criticisms.
>
> To slay our true British art is infamous, and these critics are the Devil's own.
>
> May they never prosper, for all the mischief they do to the defenseless, the widow and the fatherless, and struggling genius.
>
> May God punish these unjust critics for staying His spiritually conveyed art and music.
>
> Let them live to beg their bread!

Mr. Scholes assures us that this may be sung with great effectiveness to an Anglican chant.

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SHAKESPEARE IN GERMANY

Two important works upon Shakespeare have recently appeared in Ger-

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many. Gustav Landauer's important lectures upon his works have recently been published by Rütten and Loening, of Frankfort. The author says in a letter: 'I do not approach Shakespeare from the literary and historical point of view, but in the way I should approach the philosophical, political, and social problems of our own age that are still vital and touch the innermost springs of human life.' Landauer regards Shakespeare as the greatest of all exponents of world-consciousness, whose dramas mark an epoch in the progress of humanity to a higher spiritual level.

Alois Brandl, a distinguished anglo-philologist of Germany, for many years president of the Shakespearean Society of that country, has issued a book entitled *Shakespeare* through Ernst Hoffman and Company of Berlin. A monograph written in 1904 has developed into a volume of five hundred pages, containing an exhaustive commentary on Shakespeare as a man and a poet. The author opens some new trails in the domain of Shakespearean philology. He has detected borrowings from Erasmus's *Praise of Folly*, and points out the surprising almost literal identity of Hamlet's monologue, 'To be or not to be,' with a passage in Cicero's *De finibus bonorum et malorum*. He infers, on the authority of a pamphlet printed in 1729, that Shakespeare left, at the time of his death, two large boxes of loose papers containing manuscripts of his hitherto unknown writings during his later years at Stratford.

Dr. Erich Marcus concludes a review of these books in the Literary Supplement of the *Berliner Tageblatt* with the following comment: —

> These two Shakespearean books, which try to apprehend that master from diametrically different standpoints, prove, by their very limitations, how infinitely far beyond any interpretation the realm of his dramatic genius reaches. They also testify to the fact that nothing is truly worthy of Shakespeare that is not the fruit of the highest and most conscientious scholarship.

A NOBLE BOHEMIAN

Among the paupers at the Hôpital Cochin, Adalbert Biart de Ghérardine, the king of the Bohemian quarter of Paris, drew his last breath a few weeks ago. After his death the body was taken to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise, where only families whose history dates back at least to the time of the First Empire are entombed. Beside the bones of his famous ancestors, soldiers and sailors who died in the service of their country, now rest those of this last representative of a noble line. And in a short time he will be unknown; people will wonder how he lived up to the standards of his predecessors.

His life was singular, for though he may have been a failure, he remained true to his traditions and was a distinguished man. His fine, handsome figure was a familiar sight to habitués of the Latin Quarter, the Luxembourg, and the Boulevard Saint-Michel. Although he had no known abode, his wardrobe was extraordinarily varied. The Grecian garb of Raymond Duncan is conventional compared with the unexpected and incongruous garments of Ghérardine. Sometimes he would appear in a sixteenth-century costume with sleeves of silk; he would often wear an officer's khaki hat; he might appear in short trousers with his legs encased in armor; or, in a Swiss mountain-climbing outfit, he would seem prepared to scale the Matterhorn. But Art could make his appearance no more striking than Nature already had, and the combination was amazing.

His story is tragic. Having studied at the Sorbonne, he edited, at different

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times, *La Plume* and the *Revue de Paris;* but it is probable that his *Thirty Years of Bohemia* was written by a friend who put Ghérardine's name to it. He was beloved by everyone, during his later years as much as in his youth. His failure was caused by his grief over the death of his daughter, after which he ceased to devote much effort to his work, and finally became a drifting Bohemian vagabond. It is seldom that aristocracy decays so picturesquely.

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ST. JAMES'S STREET

'THE inhabitants of St. James's,' said Joseph Addison, 'notwithstanding they live under the same laws and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, by several climates and degrees, in their way of thinking and conversing together.' The fascinating history of St. James's Street bears out the truth of this remark; indeed the street is almost a world apart. It is — or was — a world of dilettanti, gamblers, beaux, and wits.

Charles Fox, who once passed, as he himself says, 'twenty-two hours in the pious pursuit of hazard,' also lived here, at one time, during the rest of the twenty-four. Crockford, an ex-fishmonger, is said by Horace Walpole to have 'won all the disposable money of the men of fashion of London, which was supposed to be near two millions,' in his capacity of proprietor of a gambling establishment. Brummell was one of the most familiar sights on St. James's Street; it was here that he delivered himself of one of his most famous jibes, at a time when he was not on speaking terms with the Prince Regent. Seeing one of his friends walking with the Prince, Brummell addressed him in a loud whisper, 'Who 's your fat friend?'

Literature, too, had its representatives on St. James's Street. The Spectator frequented its coffee-houses; Dr. Johnson's club once met here; and Stella addressed her letters to the great Jonathan Swift in this street. Thackeray wrote *Barry Lyndon* during his residence in it, and it was also the workshop of Pope, Gibbon, and Byron. To the house of the now obscure poet, Samuel Rogers, came Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Scott, and Macaulay; and even to-day we may imagine the ghosts of these great men haunting this memorable thoroughfare.

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PROFESSOR GEORGE SAINTSBURY

FOR twenty years Professor George Saintsbury occupied the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, and during that time he acquired his reputation as one of the greatest and certainly the most learned of English critics. In 1915, his wife's health and his own forced him to resign, but, owing to the war, no suitable recognition could be made of his distinguished services and scholarship. However, full homage will be paid him on the twenty-third of next October, his seventy-seventh birthday.

Even since his retirement, he has written books that reveal more clearly than ever the strain of humanism with which his work has always been saturated. It would be rash indeed to say that anyone has read more than Professor Saintsbury; and yet, with all this learning, he has never descended to pedantry — perhaps that was one of the first lessons that he assimilated. His *Cellar Book*, already a classic, shows a long-standing and intimate acquaintance with life, literature, and liquors. A Testimonial Fund is being raised to be presented to him on his birthday. He will have the good wishes of a host of disciples on both sides of the Atlantic.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Tierras Amigas. Poesias de Fernando de Arteaga y Pereira. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1922. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Coplas sin Nombre de Autor. Sacadas de un Manuscrito por F. de Arteaga y Pereira. Oxford: Humphrey Milford, 1922. 1*s.*

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

THE farther one goes, either wandering in Spain or poring over Spanish books, the more one despairs of ever grasping all the points which make it possible to see a thing in its proper perspective. The appreciation of Spain needs, in fact, a sense of scholarship; one must be something of a sentimental traveler, and have a backing of a certain amount of learning to support it. These are qualities possessed in an eminent degree by Don Fernando de Arteaga. To that knowledge and scientific study of the language which have placed him in the most important position a Spanish professor can occupy in England, nature has added a feeling for the little things of his own country — and, be it added, also of this — comparable with that of the delightful essayist 'Azorín,' and a power of expressing them which immediately 'gets them across' to us. In these volumes the pedagogue is forgotten. Señor Arteaga never pauses to explain, to justify, or to condemn. His poems are the work of a friendly person talking about two friendly countries — those *tierras amigas* which are always at the back of his memory and another land in which he has lived for many years.

To Señor Arteaga, as to many readers and travelers, the part of Spain which most matters is Castile. It is possible to find, in other parts of Europe, districts which resemble the Asturias, the Montaña of Santander, the Basque Provinces, Catalonia, or even Galicia. But Aragon slopes — or, more accurately, smooths itself out — insensibly into the two Castiles, Old and New; while Andalusia is an 'Arabia' which has been miraculously planted beyond the arid wastes of La Mancha. Nothing more different from the rest of Europe could be imagined than those scorched towns and glittering plains of Old Castile, that waterless desert, two thousand feet above the sea, inhabited by people who, in spite of their traditions (or because of them), are apt to say things and do things which seem, sometimes, more utterly and fundamentally 'English' than anything you ever heard out of England itself. The life suggested by Señor Arteaga's poems and the 'anonymous' *coplas* is, like the life revealed in 'Azorín's' essays, that of a novel by Anthony Trollope being acted in a town in Old Castile. Politics have not intruded; we are not shown the absentee landlords and their rascally agents, nor the efforts at reform by a profiteering Government which somehow always hinder even when they are honestly intended to help. Life goes on patiently — only too patiently, some Spaniards may think: the same narrow round of trivial experiences, which owe their beauty and poetry to a certain attitude of mind — simplicity and goodness of heart — of the actors, and of the man who expresses them.

The Altar Steps, by Compton Mackenzie. London: Cassell. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*London Mercury*]

ONE of the greatest merits of Mr. Compton Mackenzie, one of the best proofs of his vitality, is that he rarely fails for long together to be amused by whatever aspect of the world he may happen to be contemplating. In two recent books he has perhaps a little exploited this capacity for amusement: he has chosen for them only material which is obviously amusing. But in *The Altar Steps* he writes the prelude to a novel on religion which is at least intended to be important. For an author who desires to make religion the mainspring and life of his novel, hardly any better field could be found than the history of the English Church during the last fifty years. Like every compromise, the English Church contains within it all varieties of temperament, all gradations of hope and despair and indifference. The inquirer into religious feeling finds hard stuff, something static and unobservable, alike in Catholics and infidels. But Anglicans are all in movement and opposition; here, if anywhere, is a focus. And here, too, Mr. Mackenzie is able to be amused. The Order of St. George in its Abbey of Malford (mainly corrugated iron) is extremely amusing.

Mark Lidderdale is a religious-minded young man with a sense of seriousness and a sense of humor. He and Mr. Mackenzie are possibly a little too much concerned to assert that he is not really a prig. But on the whole he is not. Throughout this book he feels his way toward the priesthood with a common sense which is neither unworthy nor depressing. The book is only a prelude; the culmination of the work is to be called *The Parson's Progress*. More definite comment ought to be deferred until that culmination appears. But it would not be surprising to find it shows a true advance in depth and solidity on anything Mr. Mackenzie has done up to now.

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Futility, by William Gerhardi. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1922.

[*Beacon*]

THIS book is described as a novel on Russian themes; we should be more inclined to describe it as an imitation of the Russian novel, with this important difference — that, whereas the merit of the Russian novel consists in its direct and passionate sincerity, Mr. Gerhardi's method is consciously and palpably artificial. The book is occasionally clever, and there are patches of vivid description, but it has too little vitality to get a grip even on those readers who are not put off by authors' mannerisms. The story, such as it is, is heralded by the elegant announcement, 'The "I" of this book is not me,' on which our only comment is that the accusative is not the nominative. Lord Castlereagh achieved unenviable notoriety by ending a speech in Parliament with the word 'its,' but Mr. Gerhardi performs a scarcely less notable feat by commencing a book with the word 'and,' linking it — we suppose, by an appropriate symbolism — with prenatal nothingness. On the whole, however, the book seems to fulfill the promise of the title.

Un Jardin sur l'Oronte, by Maurice Barrès. Paris: Plon-Nourrit, 1922.

[*La Revue de la Semaine*]

IT was a journey that inspired the idea of this book. Before the war, M. Maurice Barrès set out for the Orient; he visited Syria and made a study of the organized teaching of French books there. From his sojourn he brought back this flowery tale in which, as one might suspect, there is an atmosphere of love and bloodshed, made all the more fascinating to us by M. Maurice Barrès's long absence from the field of literature.

Two characters dominate the story: a crusader, Sir William, and Oriante, the favorite of the Emir of Qalaat. Sir William is twenty-four years old; he is 'full of courage, sincerity, and vigor' and he is a master of the art of fine speech. Oriante is so beautiful that she 'radiates a sparkling joy about her.' They meet in the gardens of the Emir on the banks of the Oronte, and Sir William is charmed by the Saracen woman. She makes him forget his companions. Oriante, too, loves her knight, but this love does not completely fill her life. She is imperious and violent; and above all else she is proud. The omnipotent favorite of the Emir, she will not consent to relinquish her power. She says to William: 'I could no more breathe without my power than I could without your love.'

And perhaps she believes this at the moment when she says it, but she deceives herself: if she had to choose between her power and her love, she would abandon love. And Sir William at length perceives it after the hard tests of fighting, exile, and misery. He dies in the presence of his mistress; and they exchange, in a last dialogue, the secrets of their love: —

'No one can say,' he exclaims, 'that I was not wholly yours from the first moment I knew you.'

She replies: 'If I have made you suffer, know that I loved you in all the humblest moments of my life. But I could not bring myself to leave the highest rank.'

But what difference does the subject make! And what boots it to quibble with the author! The adventures of Sir William do not excite us in the least, and M. Maurice Barrès is no more disturbed than we are. It is sufficient for his purpose and ours that they provide a thread on which to string the telling of a beautiful tale of the gardens of Oronte. We would wait a long time to listen to this music, just as Sir William listened to the dripping of a thin stream that trickled from the waters of the Oronte.

The House of the Fighting Cocks, by Henry Baerlein. London: Parsons, 1922. *7s. 6d.*

[*Observer*]

THIS is a book for the connoisseur, though its roguish humanity may draw a wider public. Few readers and strangely few critics seem nowadays to recognize style when they see it. They will recapitulate a plot, decide upon its probability or otherwise, and praise or condemn the characters according to taste — and there you have the novel, damned or approved. How many roll upon the tongue the rhythms of a prose so balanced that the real style-lover laughs with pleasure as he reads sentence after happy sentence? Such a style is Mr. Henry Baerlein's, and its only drawback lies in the danger of ignoring the wood for love of each shapely tree. To give the plot would be a little like trying to tell the story of *Tristram Shandy*. It is of Mexico (where it is not of a fairyland of the intellect). It is of the mid-nineteenth century, though Don Quixote might at any minute be found riding through its pages. It is full of almost comically discursive, amazingly many and varied, bits of erudition, tales of every kind (some not calculated for the Sunday school), quotations of great beauty or greater pawky humor. Fun is the undercurrent, and love of books (and sinful men) the prevailing spirit; but the enchanting style is the cream of the whole.

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